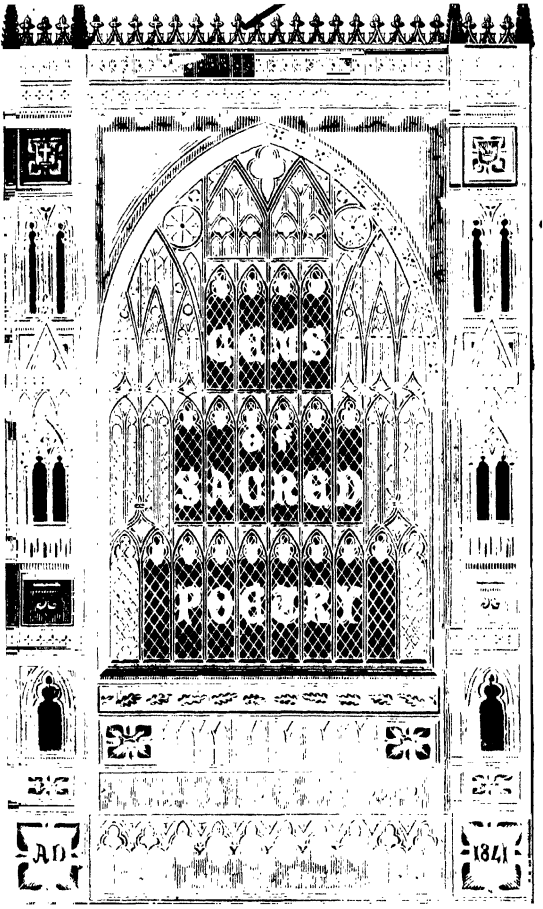
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BRITISH
SACRED
POETS


GOD
OF
SACRED
POETRY
AD
1841

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THOMAS PARNELL.

THOMAS PARNELL, a moral and religious poet, was born in Dublin in 1679. At thirteen he was admitted into Trinity College, where in 1700 he became M.A. He often visited England, and was the friend of Pope and Swift. He obtained the Archdeaconry of Clogher in his twenty-sixth year; and he died at Chester, on his way home to Ireland, in 1717.

"The compass of Parnell's poetry," says Mr. Campbell, "is not extensive, but it is peculiarly delightful. It is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves, in its cultured state, the natural fragrance of its wilder air."

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at least the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth, and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire
In dimness from the view retire;
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves;

That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee, they life possessed,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest!"

Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where Toil and Poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away),
A Middle Race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Urns, angels, epithets, and bones;
These (all the poor remains of state!)
Adorn the Rich, or praise the Great,
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades;
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary clouds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin,
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground,)

It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:
"When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread my stings.
Fools! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God;
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas."
Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, covered steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe.
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few and evil years they waste;
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heaven-born and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky,
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know;
Whither, oh! whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there;
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined;
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves;
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done,)
Amusing thought; but learns to know,
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky;
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below:
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blessed,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved:
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace:
When thus she spoke:—"Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God,—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest!"

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy,
Raised, as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone;
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight,
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, Great Source of Nature, sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon, that shines with borrowed light;
The stars, that gild the gloomy night;
The seas, that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood, that spreads its shady leaves;
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;—
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy, or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

Thou flock, whom Moses to thy freedom led,
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead!
Go, (if thy fathers taught a work they knew,)
Go, build a pyramid to glory due;
Square the broad base, with sloping sides arise,
And let the point diminish in the skies:
There leave the corpse, impending o'er his head
The wand whose motion winds and waves obeyed.
On sable banners to the sight describe
The painted arms of every mourning tribe.
And thus may public grief adorn the tomb,
Deep streaming downwards through the vaulted room
On the black stone a fair inscription raise,
That sums his government, to speak his praise;
And may the style as brightly worth proclaim,
As if affection with a pointed beam
Engraved or fired the words, or Honour due
Had with itself inlaid the tablet through.
But stop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
For God will grace him in a nobler way;
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heavenly state,
With splendid forms and light serene replete;
I hear the sound of fluttering wings in air,
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
They fly, they bear, they rest on Nebo's head,
And in thick glory wrap the reverend dead.
This errand crowns his songs, and tends to prove
His near communion with the quire above.

Now swiftly down the steepy mount they go,
Now swiftly glides their shining orb below,
And now moves off where rising grounds deny
To spread their valley to the distant eye.
Ye blessed inhabitants of glittering air!
You've borne the prophet, but we know not where.
Perhaps lest Israel, over-fondly led,
In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
Make him their idol, and his grave the shrine.
But what disorder? what repels the light?
And ere its season forces on the night?
Why sweep the spectres o'er the blasted ground?
What shakes the Mount with hollow roaring sound?
Hell rolls beneath it, Terror stalks before
With shrieks and groans, and Horror bursts a door;
And Satan rises in infernal state,
Drawn up by malice, envy, rage, and hate;
A darkening vapour with sulphureous steam,
In pitchy curlings, edged by sullen flame,
And framed a chariot for the dreadful form,
Drives whirling up on wild Confusion's storm.

Then fiercely turning where the prophet died,
"Nor shall thy nation 'scape my wrath," he cried;
"This corpse I'll enter, and thy flock mislead,
And all thy miracles my lies shall aid.
But where? He's gone, and by the scented sky
The favourite courtiers have been lately nigh.
Oh! slow to business, cursed in mischief's hour:
Trace on their odours, and if hell has power—"
This said with spite, and with a bent for ill,
He shot with fury from the trembling hill.

In vain, proud fiend, thy threats are half exprest,
And half lie choking in thy scornful breast;
His shining bearers have performed their rite,
And laid him softly down in shades of night.
A warrior heads the band, great Michael he,
Renowned for victories in wars with thee;

A sword of flame to stop thy course he bears,
Nor has thy rage availed, nor can thy snares,
"The Lord rebuke thy pride," he meekly cries
The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, a poet, a physician, and a miscella neous writer, was born in 1654 Many of his poems are of a serious character, among them are, *The Creation*, *The Redeemer*, a *Paraphrase on the Book of Job*, and a *Version of the Psalms* Blackmore was the butt of the wits of his time Dryden commenced the persecution, and a host of contemporaries followed Heedless however of this, he went on advancing the cause of truth and virtue and he has received his reward by the commendations of such men as Addison, Locke, and Johnson He died in 1739

THE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH PSALM PARAPHRASED

WHEN God a thousand miracles had wrought,
The favourite tribes' deliverance to promote,
And marching on in triumph at their head,
Their host to promised Canaan led,
Then, Jacob, was thy rescued race
Distinguished by peculiar marks of grace,
Their happiness and honour to advance,
He chose them for his own inheritance,
With whom alone their gracious God
Would make his residence and blest abode
They were from heaven instructed to adore
Their God, and with celestial light
Canaan was blessed, as Goshen was before,
While all their neighbours lay involved in night

God the foundation of their empire laid,
The model of their constitution made:
He on their throne their King in person sate,
And ruled with equal laws the sacred state.
For this blest purpose Jacob's seed
Was from the Egyptian bondage freed.
When God to do this wondrous work was pleased,
Great consternation nature seized:
The restive floods refused to flow,
Panting with fear, the winds could find no breath to blow,
The astonished sea did motionless become,
Horror its waters did benumb.
The briny waves, that reared themselves to see
The Almighty judgments, and his majesty,
With terror cystallized, began to halt,
Then pillars grew, and rocks of salt.
Jordan, as soon as this great deed it saw,
Struck with a reverential awe,
Started, and with precipitation fled,
The thronging waves ran backward to their head.
Vast hills were moved from out their place,
    Terror the mountains did constrain
To lift themselves from off their base,
    And on their rocky roots to dance about the plain
The little hills, astonished at the sight,
Flew to the mother-mountains in a fright,
And did about them skip, as lambs
Run to and bleat around their trembling dams.
What ailed thee, O thou troubled sea,
That thou with all thy watery troops didst flee?
What ailed thee, Jordan? tell the cause
That made thy flood break nature's laws;
Thy course thou didst not only stop,
And roll thy liquid volumes up,
But didst e'en backward flow, to hide
Within thy fountain's head thy refluent tide.
What did the lofty mountains ail?
What pangs of fear did all the hills assail,

That they their station could not keep,
But, scared with danger, ran like timorous scattered sheep?
But why do I demand a cause
Of your amazement, which deserves applause?
Yours was a just, becoming fear;
For when th' Almighty does appear,
Not only you, but the whole earth should quake,
And out of reverence should its place forsake.
For He is nature's sovereign Lord,
Who by his great commanding word
Can make the floods to solid crystal grow,
Or melt the rocks, and make their marble flow.

THE SINNER'S FATE.

FROM A PARAPHRASE ON JOB.

WHAT if the sinner's magazines are stored
With the rich spoils that Ophir's mines afford?
What if he spends his happy days and nights
In softest joys and undisturbed delights?
Where is his hope at last, when God shall wrest
His trembling soul from his reluctant breast?
Must he not then heaven's vengeance undergo,
Condemned to chains and everlasting woe?
This is his fate; but often here below
Justice o'ertakes him, though it marches slow.
And when the day of vengeance does appear,
The wretch will cry, but will the Almighty hear?
If, bathed in tears, compassion he invokes,
The unrelenting Judge will multiply his strokes;
His vain complaints and unregarded prayer,
Will drive the raving rebel to despair.
Or will he yet with confidence apply
Himself to God, and on his aid rely?
Will he not rather cease in his distress
His prayers to heaven hereafter to address?

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

ISAAC WATTS was born at Southampton, in 1674, and became a Dissenting minister. As a poet he is known as the author of *Hebrew Lyrics*, *Hymns*, &c. &c., all of which display a peculiar energy of mind. They are not, it is true, of the most finished kind of poetical compositions; but there is a sweetness and purity of thought in them which charms the reader. Perhaps the most remarkable of his poetical attempts is his little *Hymns for the Young;* of these too much cannot be said in commendation, for they are admirably adapted for the class for which they were intended. He died in 1748.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE ATTEMPTED IN THE ENGLISH SAPPHIC.

WHEN the fierce north wind, with his airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them!

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like those earthly,)
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the creation,

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes.
See the graves open, and the bones arising—
Flames all around them.

Hark! the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches;
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore Him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre!

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas:) come, arise, to Jesus;
How He sits God-like! and the saints around Him,
Throned, yet adoring.

Oh! may I sit there when He comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations, then ascend to glory;
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

YET gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face:
What though a short eclipse his beauties shroud,
And bar the influence of his rays?
Tis but a morning vapour or a summer cloud;
He is my sun, though He refuse to shine.
Though for a moment He depart,
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever He on mine.
Early before the light arise,
I'll spring a thought away to God;

The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy servant pray;
Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring;
Or shall I breathe in vain, and pant my hours away?
Break, glorious Brightness, through the gloomy veil,
Look, how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare
Pronounce me prisoner of hell.
But Thou, my Sun, and Thou, my Shield,
Wilt save me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimmering ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times, but ah! those times are gone,
When wondrous power, and radiant grace,
Round the tall arches of thy temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays:
Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the depths of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on every face:
Our spirits, raptured with the sight,
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud Hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise.
Here could I say,
(And paint the place whereon I stood,)
Here I enjoyed a visit half the day
From my descending God:
I was regaled with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely sweet the blessings were,
While my Emmanuel was there;

And o'er my head
The Conqueror spread
The banner of his love.

Then why, my heart, sunk down so low?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown,
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support
The morning brings the joy.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

Not from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies;
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head;
How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
Look through the clouds, and bless me with his eyes!
Creatures with all their boasted sway,
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love
'Tis by a warrant from his hand,
The gentler gales are bound to sleep;
The north-wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep;
Old Boreas, with his freezing powers,
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to the shores;

The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies.

Fly to the polar world, my sun,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seized and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear, no more blaspheme;
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath;
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to thy soul, and shake thy mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings,
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings;
And flocks, and herds, and nations die,
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale, and quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.
The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought, and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye,
From the incensed Divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst
For vital food, in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk all channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes and floods,
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down, with a mighty sweep,
The riches of the fields, and honours of the woods;
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;
Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves:
While you disperse your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

Oh! for a message from above,
To bear my spirit up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love,
To calm my terrors and support my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
While Thou art Sovereign I'm secure;
I shall be rich till Thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wish, heaven, earth, and hell, are thine.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain;
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

HAPPY FRAILTY.

"How meanly dwells the immortal mind;
How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth designed
T' enclose a heavenly star?

"Weak cottage, where our souls reside!
This flesh a tottering wall;
With frightful breaches gaping wide,
The building bends to fall!

"All round it storms of trouble blow,
And waves of sorrow roll;
Cold waves and winter storms beat through,
And pain the tenant soul.

"Alas, how frail our state!" said I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the clearing sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul all felt the glory come,
And breathed her native air;
Then she remembered heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She sang the frailty of her clay,
In pleasurable strains.

"How weak the prison where I dwell!
Flesh but a tottering wall;
The breaches cheerfully foretel
The house must shortly fall.

"No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Though all my heart-strings ache;
Welcome disease and every pain
That makes the cottage shake.

"Now let the tempest blow all round,
Now swell the surges high,
And beat this house of bondage down,
To let the stranger fly.

"I have a mansion built above,
By the Eternal Hand,
And should the earth's whole basis move,
My heavenly house must stand.

"Yes; for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
(I long to see the God);
And his immortal strength sustains
The courts that cost Him blood.

"Hark! from on high my Saviour calls—
I come, my Lord, my love;
Devotion breaks the prison-walls,
And speeds my last remove."

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

Eternal Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around,
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But, oh! the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below!
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

MAN PASSING AWAY—GOD ABIDING FOR EVER.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away!
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light,
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home

THE HEBREW BARD

SOFTLY the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads,
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along:
He jars; and lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre;
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! the Almighty King,
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing;
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire, and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of earth can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke,
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake! the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the affrighted floods retire.

In heaps th' affrighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand;
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep;
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps with wide-embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course,
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls:
The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shows the face of God serene,
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride,
With guards of justice at his side.

THE CREATION.

"Now let the spacious world arise!"
Said the Creator Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

Dark was the deep, the waters lay
Confused, and drowned the land;
He called the light, the new-born day
Attends on his command.

He bids the clouds ascend on high:
The clouds ascend, and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

The liquid element below
Was gathered by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave a solid band.

With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe He crowned,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

Then He adorned the upper skies:
Behold! the sun appears;
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark our months and years.

Out of the deep th' Almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
And painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.

He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth;
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

Adam was formed of equal clay,
The sovereign of the rest;
Designed for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blest.

Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced it good.

GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
The Muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

Th' Almighty voice bid ancient Night
Her endless realm resign,
And, lo! ten thousand globes of light,
In fields of azure shine.

Now wisdom, with superior sway,
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of being pay
Deep reverence to his name.

He spake! the sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

Chained to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the Eternal pen.

His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

Here He exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page He turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Nor Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I never longed to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

ECCLESIASTES XII.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

The memory of his mighty name,
Demands your first regard,
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have loved the Lord.

Be wise, and make his favours sure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decays.

No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets to taste
The pleasure of the song.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never spares.

What will ye do when light departs
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the superior skies?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his heat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tottering weight?

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the prisoner hence?

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

Laden with guilt (a heavy load,)
Uncleansed and unforgiven,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heaven.

A SURVEY OF MAN.

I'm borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud,
Skirted with dawning gold:
Mine eyes beneath the opening day
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
And try and heave the mould.

"Are these the things" (my passion cried,)
"That we call men? Are these allied
To the fair worlds of light?
They have razed out their Maker's name,
Graven on their minds with pointed flame,
In strokes divinely bright.

"Wretches! they hate their native skies,
If an ethereal thought arise,
Or spark of virtue shine,
With cruel force they damp its plumes,
Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
With business, lust, or wine

"Lo! how they throng with panting breath
The broad descending road,
That leads unerring down to death
Nor miss the dark abode"
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
The unbeaten way to God

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid soul afar,
Here Dorylis and Thyrsis fly,
Each like a rising star,
Charin I see, and Fidea there,
I see them help each other's flight,
And bless them as they go
They soar beyond my labouring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love, below
On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God
With morning incense up they rise,
Sublime, and through the lower skies,
Spread their perfumes abroad

Across the road a seraph flew,
"Mark," (said he,) "that happy pair,
Marriage helps devotion there
When kindred minds their God pursue,
They break with double vigour through
The dull incumbent air"

Charmed with the pleasure and surprise,
My soul adores and sings—
"Blest be the power that springs their flight,
That streaks their path with heavenly light,
That turns their love to sacrifice,
And joins their zeal for wings."

JAMES THOMSON.

THIS eminent poet was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, in the year 1700. He was educated at Jedburgh and Edinburgh, and was intended for the ministry. Poetry, however, led him aside from this path, and in 1725 he came to London, where he soon attracted notice by the publication of his *Winter*, and was patronized by the Lord Chancellor Talbot, with whose son he travelled afterwards on the Continent. At this nobleman's death, he was patronized by Frederic, Prince of Wales, and afterwards by Mr. Lyttelton. He died in 1748.

As a poet, Thomson possessed powers and perfections peculiarly his own. His *Seasons*, which is his chief production, furnishes a glowing and interesting description of nature, in language most elegant, most simple, and yet most dignified.

A HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields: the softening air is balm,
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,

With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, and hollow whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined!
Shade unperceived so soft'ning into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed they ravish still.
But wand'ring oft with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That ever busy wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots teeming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join: and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonished world, lift high to heaven

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him!
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls! be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise: for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake! A boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast
Assembled men to the deep organ join

The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear
At solemn pauses through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases, each
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me—when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles;—'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt
In the void waste as in the city full:
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns—
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable.
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh! let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart:
"Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold, and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them not stores nor granaries belong;
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To Him they sing when spring renews the plain,
To Him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin; but careless grow;
Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?
If ceaseless, then, the fowls of heaven He feeds;
If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads;
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is He unwise? or, are ye less than they?"

EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, near Winchester, in 1681. He was educated at Winchester School, and removed from thence to New College, Oxford. He took orders in 1727, and soon after was appointed Chaplain to the King. After this he engaged in politics, and at the age of eighty he solicited further preferment from Archbishop Secker, and was appointed Clerk of the Closet to the Princess dowager of Wales. He died in April, 1765.

The principal work of Dr. Young is his *Night Thoughts*, of which Dr. Johnson gives the following just and graphic character: "The author has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections, and striking allusions; a wildness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and order. The excellence of this work is not exactness, but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded, the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence, like that ascribed to a Chinese plantation: the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity."

IMMORTALITY.

IMMORTAL! ages past, yet nothing gone
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshortened by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning still where computation ends
'Tis the description of a Deity!
'Tis the description of the meanest slave.
Immortal! What can strike the sense so strong,
As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes, gratitude o'erwhelms.
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Roused at the sound, the exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air: an air that feeds
Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires!

Quick kindles all that is divine within us,
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.
Immortal! was but one immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing less?
How this ties up the bounteous hands of heaven
O vain, vain, vain! all else; eternity!
A glorious and a needful refuge that,
From vile imprisonment in abject views.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
Eternity depending covers all;
Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers:
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath, if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touching his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.
Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanced eye
Was seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
And levelled Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallowed in eternity's vast round.
To that stupendous view when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's joys subside, and equal all below.

DISBELIEF OF A FUTURE STATE.

ARE there (still more amazing) who resist
The rising thought? who smother in its birth
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And with reversed ambition strive to sink?
Who labour downwards through the opposing powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night? night darker than the graves?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
To contradict them see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears an after scene?
To reason proves, or weds it to desire?
All things proclaim it needful, some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From heaven, and earth, and man. Indulge a few,
By nature as her common habit worn.
Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
Aid, while I rescue from the foes' assault,
Thy glorious immortality in man!

MAN'S IMMORTALITY PROVED BY REFERENCE TO NATURE.

NATURE, thy daughter, ever changing birth,
Of Thee, the great immutable, to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her is most wise.

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the spring; soft spring, with breath
Favonian from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All to reflourish fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute description, emblem just,
Nature revolves, but man advances! both
Eternal; that a circle, this a line;
That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame ascends:
Zeal and humility, her wings to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death,
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll:
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the most High
Matter immortal? And shall spirit die?
Above the noblest shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate
Severely doomed death's single unredeemed?

MISERY OF UNBELIEF.

COULDST thou persuade me the next life would fail
Our ardent wishes, how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope and my despair,
Abhorred annihilation blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
In this black channel would my ravings run:
Grief from the future borrowed peace ere while
The future vanished, and the present pained:
Fall how profound! Hurled headlong, hurled at once
To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe?
Oh! for delusion! Oh! for error still!
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
A thinking being in a world like this,
Not over rich before, now beggared quite,
More cursed than at the fall? The sun goes out!
The thorns shoot up! what thorns in every thought!
Why sense of better? it embitters worse:
Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
To what I was? twice nothing! and much woe!
Woe from heaven's bounties! woe from what was wont
To flatter most, high intellectual powers.
Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings by thy scheme
All poisoned into pains. First, knowledge, once
My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
To know myself true wisdom?—no, to shun
That shocking science, parent of despair!
Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die.
Know my Creator? climb his blest abode,
By painful speculation pierce the vail,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe
Obtruding life, withholding happiness?
From the full rivers that surround his throne
Nor letting fall one drop of joy on man;

Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night,
Hide Him, for ever hide Him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort; source and soul of joy!
Know his achievements! study his renown!
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand with miracles replete!—
For what? 'mid miracles of nobler name
To find one miracle of misery!
To find the being which alone can know
And praise his works, a blemish on his praise?
Through Nature's ample range in thought to stray,
And start at man, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope chained down to pangs and death.
Knowing is suffering, and shall virtue share
The sigh of knowledge? Virtue shares the sigh
By straining up the steep of excellent;
By battles fought, and from temptation won,
What gains she but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
With every vice, and swept to brutal dust?
Duty! religion! these, our duty done,
Imply reward. Religion is mistake:
Duty? there's none but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats! away; ye daughters of my pride!
Who feign yourselves the favorites of the skies;
Ye towering hopes! abortive energies!
That toss and struggle in my lying breast
To scale the skies, and build presumption there,
As I were heir of an eternity;
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
As bounded as my being be my wish.
All is inverted, wisdom is a fool:
Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us on;
And, ignorance! befriend us on our way;
Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,

Since as the brute we die: the sum of man,
Of godlike man! to revel and to rot.
But not on equal terms with other brutes:
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
And safer too; they never poisons choose.
Instinct than reason makes more wholesome meals,
And sends all marring murmur far away.
For sensual life they best philosophize;
Theirs that serene the sages sought in vain:
'Tis man alone expostulates with heaven,
His all the power and all the cause to mourn.
Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?
And bleed in anguish none but human hearts?
The wide-stretched realm of intellectual woe,
Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.
In life so fatally distinguished why?
Cast in one lot, confounded, lumped in death?
And why then have we thought? to toil and eat.
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
What superfluities are reasoning souls!
Oh, give eternity! or thought destroy,—
But without thought our curse were half unfelt!
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;
And therefore 'tis bestowed. I thank thee, reason,
For aiding life's too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
For me to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for heaven to make one eunuch more?
Too much for Chaos to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashioned, untormented, into man?
Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of phrenzy, thought!
Wretched capacity of dying, life!
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (oh! foul revolt!)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe!
Death then has changed his nature too; O Death,

Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heaven!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promised land's ambrosial bower?
But why this sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
Why this illustrious canopy displayed?
Why so magnificently lodged despair?
At stated periods sure returning, roll
These glorious orbs that mortals may compute
Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose
Their misery's full measure?—Smiles with flowers
And fruits promiscuous ever-teeming earth,
That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his withering joys?
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
For such delights! blest animals! too wise
To wonder, and too happy to complain!
Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene,
Why not a dungeon dark for the condemned?
Why not the dragon's subterranean den
For man to howl in? Why not his abode
Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
As congruous as for man this lofty dome,
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire:
If from her humble chamber in the dust,
While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
The poor worm calls us for her inmates there,
And round us death's inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.
Undrawn no more? behind the cloud of death
Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt
That sable cloud and turned it all to gold.
How the grave's altered! fathomless as hell!
Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense!
The privilege of angels and of worms.

An outcast from existence! And this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
For ever is extinguished. Horror! death!
Death of that death I fearless once surveyed.
When horror universal shall descend,
And heaven's dark concave urn all human race:
On that enormous unrefunding tomb
How just this verse! this monumental sigh!—
"Beneath the lumber of demolished worlds,
Of matter never dignified with life,
Here lie proud *rationals:* the sons of heaven!
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow:
Who lived in terror, and in pangs expired.
All gone to rot in chaos; or to make
Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
Nor longer sully their Creator's name."
And art thou then a shadow, less than shade?
A nothing, less than nothing? To have been,
And not to be, is lower than unborn.
Art thou ambition? Why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taste of pleasure high?
Why patronize sure death in every joy?
Charm riches? Why choose beggary in the grave?
Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Darest thou persist? And is there nought on earth
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising and breaking millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic lord blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroyed?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo,
Destroys thy scheme, the whole of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer compared to thee:
Oh! spare this waste of being, half divine;
And vindicate th' economy of heaven.

THE GUILTY ALONE WISH FOR ANNIHILATION.

Is that all nature starts at thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?
What is that dreadful wish? the dying groan
Of nature murdered by the blackest guilt:
What deadly poison has thy nature drunk?
To nature undebauched no shock so great:
Nature's first wish is endless happiness;
Annihilation is an afterthought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclosed!
For non-existence no man ever wished,
But first he wished the Deity destroyed.

NO SPIRITUAL SUBSTANCE ANNIHILATED.

THINK'ST thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroyed?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul
That ever animated human clay
Now wakes; is on the wing; and when the call
Of that loud trump collects us round heaven's throne
Conglobed, we bask in everlasting day.
How bright this prospect shines! how gloomy thine!
A trembling world, and a devouring God!
Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all stained with causeless massacres;
Of countless millions born to feel the pang
Of being lost. Lorenzo, can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial but our misery?
A world where dark mysterious vanity
Of good and ill the distant colours blends,

Confounds all reason, and all hope destroys;
A world so far from great (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing real in it;
Being a shadow! consciousness a dream!
A dream, how dreadful; universal blank!
Before it and behind! poor man a spark—
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glittering a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb.

REASONS FOR BELIEF.

WHAT am I? and from whence? I nothing know
But that I am; and since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be:
But what eternal? Why not human race,
And Adam's ancestors, without an end?
That's hard to be conceived; since every link
Of that long chained succession is so frail;
Can every part depend and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
Whence earth and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father: much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
Design implies intelligence and art;
That can't be from themselves, or man: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allowed than man.
Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right

To dance, would form an universe of dust.
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless lights from shapeless and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learned,
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
Which but to guess a Newton made immortal?
If so, how each sage alone laughs at me,
Who thinks a clod inferior to a man!
If art to form and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.
Grant then invisible, eternal Mind;
That granted, all is solved—But granting that,
Draw I not o'er me still a darker cloud?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
A being without origin or end!
Hail, human liberty! there is no God.
Yet why? on either scheme the knot subsists:
Subsist it must in God, or human race.
If in the last, how many knots besides,
Indissoluble all? Why choose it there,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
Reject it; where that chosen, all the rest
Dispersed, leave reason's whole horizon clear?
What vast preponderance is here! can reason
With louder voice exclaim, Believe a God?
What things impossible must man think true,
On any other system? and how strange
To disbelieve through mere credulity.

MIRACLES.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a solid base:
Why call for less than is already thine?

Say which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to fix or to repeal?
To make a sun, or stop his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frighted East,
Or bid the moon, as with her journey tired,
In Ajalon's soft flowery vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater to create.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole train
Of miracles; resistless in their power!
They do not, cannot more amaze the mind,
Than this called unmiraculous survey.
Sayest thou, "The course of nature governs all?"
The course of nature is the art of God:
The miracles thou callest for this attest;
For say, Could nature nature's course control?

THE POWER OF GOD INFINITE.

CAN man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing but quite impossible is hard;
He summons into being with like ease
A whole creation, and a single grain.
Speaks He the word? A thousand worlds are born!
A thousand worlds? There's space for millions more;
And in what space can his great fiat fail?
Still seems my thought enormous? Think again:
Experience' self shall aid thy lame belief:
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
Have they not led us deep in the disclose
Of fine spun nature exquisitely small,
And though demonstrated, still ill conceived?
If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far
To keep the balance and creation poise?
Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!

My soul flies up and down, in thoughts of Thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!
I AM, thy name! existence all thine own;
Creation's nothing; flattered much if styled,
"The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."

THE GREATNESS OF GOD INEXPRESSIBLE.

O WHAT a root! O what a branch is here!
O what a Father! what a family!
Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations
In one agglomerated cluster hung.
Great Vine! on Thee, on Thee the cluster hangs;
The filial cluster! infinitely spread
In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
A constellation of ten thousand gems!
Set in one signet, flames on the right hand
Of Majesty Divine! The blazing seal
That deeply stamps on all created mind
Indelible, his sovereign attributes,
Omnipotence and love! nor stop we here,
For want of power in God, but thought in man.
If greater ought, that greater all is thine,
Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of Thee;
And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
In which archangels might have failed, unblamed.

CONTEMPLATION OF THE HEAVENS.

YET why drown fancy in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
The bounds of man, nor blame them as too small.
Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!

Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faster than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
Beyond this city why strays human thought?
One wonderful enough for man to know!
One firmament enough for man to read!
Nor is instruction here our only gain:
There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent, loud! heard earth around, above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has its wonder, though too proud to praise.
Divine Instructor! thy first volume this,
For man's perusal; all in capitals!
In moon and stars (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblazed to seize the sight; who runs may read,
Who reads can understand: 'tis unconfined
To Christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind:
A language lofty to the learned, yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from its husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language worthy the great Mind that speaks!
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!
Stupendous book of wisdom to the wise!
Stupendous book, and opened, Night! by thee.
By thee much opened, I confess, O Night!
Yet more I wish; say, gentle Night, whose beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture, softened to the sight;
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds concealed by day

Behind the proud and envious star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and show
The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
These rich regalia, pompously displayed?
Oh! for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!
As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for Him who made her
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys; say, goddess, where?
Where blazes his bright court? where burns his throne?
Thou know'st, for thou art near Him; by thee, round
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports,
The sable curtains drawn: if not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where He dwells?
A star his dwelling pointed out below:
Say ye, who guide the wildered in the waves,
On which hand must I bend my course to find Him?
These courtiers keep the secret of their King;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them
In ardent contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out;
How swift I mount! diminished earth recedes;
I pass the moon; and, from her further side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; pause at every planet,
And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll.
From Saturn's ring I take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud;
The souls of systems!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round,
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres.
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity,
Or far beneath it I am grovelling still.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TIRED nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake: emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked, desponding thoughts
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and Darkness: solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man,
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars

Exulting, shouted o'er the rising vale.
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh! lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will,
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures, marvellously mixed,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!

A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh! what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave!
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

RESIGNATION.

THESE hearts, alas! cleave to the dust
By strong and endless ties;
Whilst every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

When heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.

Resign,—and all the load of life
That moment you remove;
Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,
Devolve on One above—

Who bids us lay our burden down,
On his almighty hand;
Softens our duty to relief,
Our blessings to command.

JAMES MERRICK

WAS born at Reading in 1720. He was the author of several hymns, the most beautiful of which is that well-known piece, *Placed on the verge of youth*. He also published a new version of the Psalms, which is a signal failure, and bears little affinity to the inspired text. He died in 1766.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, grieved
With hunger, thirst, and pain,
That asks to have the wants relieved;
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters as it can
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature man.

That infant, whose advancing hour,
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive power,)
That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Though long in years mature,
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good! to Thee I turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

Oh! let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fear beside.

And oh! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will,
Preposterous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill,

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do Thou thy gifts supply;
Unasked, what good Thou knowest, grant,
What ill, though asked, deny.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

'Tis enough—the hour is come:
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love!
Since at length, my aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high;
Sun of righteousness, to Thee
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's Star,
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day.
See the beams intensely shed
Shine o'er Zion's favoured head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene surveyed;
I viewed its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers moved,
That virtue's path inclose:
My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But, oh! what toils oppose.

For see! ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

Oh! how shall I, with heart prepared,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My unexperienced feet?

As thus I mused oppressive sleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivious veil.—The watery deep,
An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near. and more near, the billows rise,
E'en now my steps they lave;
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approached in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat,
Each nerve at once unstrung;
Chill fear had fettered fast my feet,
And chained my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice descending from on high
Reproved my erring fear.

"What though the swelling surge thou see,
Impatient to devour,
Rest, mortal, rest, on God's decree,
And thankful own his power.

"Know when He bade the deep appear,
'Thus far,' the Almighty said,
'Thus far, nor farther, rage, and here
Let thy proud waves be stayed.'"

I heard, and lo! at once controlled,
The waves in wild retreat
Back on themselves reluctant rolled,
And murmuring left my feet,

Deeps to assembling deeps in vain
Once more the signal gave;
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th' usurping wave.

Convinced in nature's volume wise,
The imaged truth I read,
And sudden from my waking eyes
The instructive vision fled.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
Say, why distrustful still;
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?

Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
Thy Maker's will has placed thee here,
A Maker wise and good.

He to thy every trial knows,
  Its just restraint to give,
Attentive to behold thy woes,
  And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
  Say, why distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
  O'er scenes of future ill?

Though griefs unnumbered throng thee round,
  Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
  And curbs the headlong tide.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne, in Kent, in 1722. He acquired the rudiments of education at a school at Maidstone, and was afterwards sent to Cambridge. In 1743 he was admitted to the degree of B. A.; was elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall in 1745, and took the degree of M.A. in 1747. Shortly after he removed to London, where he became acquainted with the most celebrated men of his day He was unhappily subject to temporary alienations of mind, which were at last attended with paroxysms so violent that he was obliged to be placed under restraint, and in this state he died in 1771.

Smart was a poet of no ordinary standard. He swept his harp with the hand of a master; and if he erred, it was only from his too daring attempts. His *Miscellanies* are the most attractive of his productions, and have greater merit than any of his larger pieces.

ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

HAIL, wondrous Being! who, in power supreme,
Exists from everlasting; whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom
The air, the earth, the asure main, contains,

In undeciphered characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible! oh, what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or, what can thoughts (though wild of wing they rove,
Through the vast concave of th' ethereal round)?
If to the heaven of heavens they wing their way,
Adventurous, like the birds of night, they're lost,
And deluged in the flood of dazzling day.
May then the youthful uninspired bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal? May he soar
Where seraph and where cherubim on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?
He may, if Thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinioned muse, and deign'st to assist,
Great Poet of the Universe! his song.
Before this earthly planet wound her course
Round light's perennial fountain; before Light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' expiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day;
Before "the morning stars together sang,"
And hailed the Architect of countless worlds;
Thou art—all glorious, all beneficent,
All wisdom, and omnipotence Thou art.
But is the era of creation fixed,
At when these worlds began? could aught retard
Goodness that knows no bounds from blessing ever,
Or keep the immense Artificer in sloth?
Avaunt the dust-directed, crawling thought,
That puissance immeasurably vast,
And bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action!
No; in th' exertion of thy righteous power,
Ten thousand times more active than the sun,
Thou reigned, and with a mighty hand composed
Systems innumerable! matchless all—
All stamped with thine uncounterfeited seal.

But yet, (if still to more stupendous heights
The muse, unblamed, her aching sense may strain,)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense,
Th' Eternal power and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' omniscient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless all!
This were a sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthroned amidst a choicer few
Of spirits inferior, He might greatly plan
The two prime pillars of the universe,
Creation and redemption—and awhile
Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory.
Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance and self-plumed vanity.
O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,
Whom to describe's presumption (all we can
And all we may), be glorified, be praised.

A day shall come when all this earth shall perish,
Nor leave behind e'en chaos; it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
To make perdition triumph; it shall come
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
The enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon the impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along the immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
To quench the unextinguishable fire?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crowned tops the cedars
Are lessened into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,

And fix the earth continual; Athos, where?
Where, Teneriffe's, thy stateliness to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these? no more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.
Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rivals fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee,
More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion! O my country! thou must join,
In vain dissevered from the rest, must join
The terrors of the inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,
Though million leagues, and million still, remote,
Shall yet survive that day: ye must submit,
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.
But though the earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind e'en chaos; though the air,
With all the elements, must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; though the huge rocks
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales, must to perdition yield;
Though the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon,
With all her bright retinue, must be lost;
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, survivest,
Eternal as Thou wert: yet still survives,
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.
He comes! He comes! the awful trump I hear
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see! He comes, th' archangel from above.
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake, ye incorruptible, arise;
From east to west, from the Antarctic pole
To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—

Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake, ye incorruptible, arise."
'Tis then, not sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home: and like the ark
Fixed on the mountain-top, shall look aloft,
O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And winds, and waves, and rocks, and tempests past,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of heaven:
'Tis then, not sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature, and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue, new-tuned, shall give
Praises more worthy the Eternal ear.
Yet what we can we ought;—and therefore Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, omnipotent and good!
Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest, like Cain,
I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the Adored.
Though Gratitude were blest with all the powers
Her bursting heart could long for; though the swift,
The fiery-winged imagination, soared
Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak Him as He is, who is ineffable.
Yet still let Reason, through the eye of Faith,
View Him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee,
With heaven-directed hands, confess his reign,
And let th' angelic archangelic band,
With all the hosts of heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trumps
And golden lyres attend; "For Thou art holy,
For Thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise"

IMMENSITY OF GOD.

Once more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The Poet of my God.—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploring bird,
In lively lay, sings welcome to the dawn.
List ye! how nature, with ten thousand tongues,
Begins the grand thanksgiving. Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow-subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O Thou, who or the lambkin or the dove,
When offered by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense the orphan's mite exclude.
What, though th' Almighty's regal throne be raised
High o'er you azure heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenned—where east, nor west,
Nor south, nor blustering north, has breath to blow;
Albeit He there with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to his radiant host,
E'en face to face, stands visibly confest;
Yet know that nor in presence or in power
Shines He less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes the obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his universe the same;
Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measures her pathless walk, studious to view
The works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing
Still faithful, still inconstant to the sun;
Or where the comet, through space infinite,
(Though whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)
Darts like a javelin to his distant goal;
Or where in heaven above, the heaven of heavens,

Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll,
With satellites more glorious,—Thou art there.
Or whether on the ocean's boisterous rock,
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretched arm
Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help. When Thou rebuk'st the storm
It ceases; and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.
Oh! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Would also speak thy residence, and there
Would I, thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonished into silence, muse thy praise.
Behold! behold th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral! sea-flowers gay,
And shrubs of amber, from the pearl-paved bottom
Rise richly varied, where the finny race,
In blithe security, their gambols play;
While high above their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes, with transport proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.
Hence through the genial bowels of the earth,
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deemed by sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles e'en like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate, and the deep intrenched gem
Of kindred jasper; nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft portrays the forms

Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly o'er, now thundering down
In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landscape of the vale:
In vain thy pencil, Claudio, or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate; it is the hand
Of God Himself, for God Himself is there.
Hence with the ascending springs let me advance,
Through beds of magnets, minerals, and spar;
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
The ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call the horizon all her own.
Behold the forest and the expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth shorn sod
No object interrupts; unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends. Behold in regal solitude
And pastoral magnificence he stands,
So simple and so great, the underwood,
Of meaner rank, an awful distance keep.
Yet Thou art there, yet God Himself is there,
Even on the bush, (though not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty revealed,)
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness. Thee her maker,
Thee her preserver, chants she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn. No other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for in attention
Buried, even babbling echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains where the unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range;
Turn we to yon inclosures, where appears
Chequered variety in all her forms
Which the vague mind attract, and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are you towers,
The work of labouring men and clumsy art,

Seen with the ringdove's nest? On that tall beech
Her pensile house the feathered artist builds,
The rocking winds molest her not; for see
With such due poise the wondrous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and stedfast e'en in storms.
Thou idiot, that asserts there is no God,
View and be dumb for ever.
Go, bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave
Go, call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermilion. Hence, away!
Hence, ye profane! for God himself is here.
Vain were the attempt, and impious, to trace
Through all his works th' Artificer Divine.
And though nor shining sun nor twinkling star
Bedecked the crimson curtains of the sky;
Though neither vegetable, beast, nor bird,
Were extant on the surface of the ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; though the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man, at home within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame,
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power.
I see and I adore;—O God, most bounteous!
Oh! infinite of goodness and of glory,
The knee that Thou hast shaped shall bend to Thee!
The tongue which Thou hast tuned shall chant thy praise
And thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

OMNISCIENCE OF THE DEITY.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,
Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump!
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silvery, so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
A living sacrifice before his throne!
And may the eternal high mysterious tree
That in the centre of the arched heavens
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!
When in my mother's womb concealed I lay,
A senseless embryo, then, my soul, Thou knewest—
Knewest all her future workings, every thought
And every faint idea yet unformed.
When up the imperceptible ascent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Insensibly to day, Thou didst vouchsafe,
And taught me by that reason Thou inspired'st,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in Thee is wondrous,
Uncircumscribed, unsearchably profound,
And estimable solely by itself.

What is that secret power that guides the brutes,
Which ignorance calls instinct? 'tis from Thee;
It is the operation of thine hands,
Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom,
That glorious shines transparent through thy works.
Who taught the pye, or who forewarned the jay

To shun the deadly nightshade? Though the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoyed
By fair appearance, touch the nauseous fruit;
They know to taste is fatal; whence alarmed,
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reasoner, philosophic man,—
Hast thou such prudence? thou such knowledge? No!
Full many a race has fallen into the snare
Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface;
And oft in desert isles the famished pilgrim,
By forms of fruit and luscious taste beguiled,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wisdom, on the leaden feet
Of slow experience, dully, tedious creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.
The venerable sage that nightly trims
The learned lamp to investigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the fossil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;
Studious in vain! till haply at the last
He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds:
While the domestic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threshold, if oppressed
By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
Begs not that aid his services might claim,
But is his own physician, knows the case,
And from the emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark! from afar the feathered matron screams,
And all her brood alarms! The docile crew
Accept the signal one and all; expert
In th' art of nature, and unlearned deceit:
Along the sod in counterfeited death
Mute, motionless they lie: full well apprised
That the rapacious adversary's near.

But who informed her of the approaching danger?
Who taught the curious mother that the hawk
Was hatched her foe, and lived by her destruction?
Her whole prophetic soul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.
When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled winter 'gins to advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her passage through the pathless void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her science is the science of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the north
E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon:
She, heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
Courts not coy west or east, but instant knows
What Newton, or not sought, or sought in vain.
Illustrious name! irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew his works
Before creation formed them, long before
He measured in the hollow of his hand
The exulting ocean, and the highest heavens
He comprehended with a span, and weighed
The mighty mountains in his golden scales;
Who shone supreme, who was Himself the light,
Ere yet refraction learned her skill to paint
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.
When knowledge at her Father's dread command
Resigned to Israel's king her golden key,
Oh! to have joined the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes;
Oh! how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour and good-will to man
That wisdom he alone of men possessed,
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare!
How did he raise the pampered silken sons

Of bloated ease, by placing to their view
The safe industrious ant, the wisest insect
And best economist of all the field!
Though she presumes not by the solar orb
To measure times and seasons, nor consults
Chaldean calculations for a guide;
Yet conscious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to want and woe,
She waits his dire approach, and, undismayed,
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepared
Against the churlish winter's fiercest blow.
For when as yet the favourable sun
Gives to the genial earth the enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue as she;
While all her subterraneous avenues,
And stone-proof cells, with management most meet
And unexampled housewifery, she forms:
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense, she bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home.
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But if thy deadened sense and listless thought
More glaring evidence demand, behold
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The chemist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,

Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs and from discordant flowers
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.
Avaunt, conceit! ambition, take thy flight
Back to the prince of vanity and air!
Oh! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing,
Formed to make pride grow humble, formed to force
Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woful vicissitude, when man, fallen man,
Who first from heaven, from gracious God Himself,
Learnt knowledge of the brutes, must know by brutes
Instructed and reproached, the scale of being
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,
And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring.
Yet murmur not, but praise, for though we stand
Of many a god-like privilege amerced,
By Adam's dire transgression; though no more
Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thousand thousand blooms the earth,
With pleasures populous, and with riches crowned;
Still is there scope for wonder and for love,
E'en to their last exertion—showers of blessing,
Far more than human virtue can deserve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people! O ye sons of men!
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itself, his wisdom
Shall deign to allow, still patiently abide,
And praise Him more and more; nor cease to chant,
"All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination, in the height!"
And thou cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silvery, so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.

POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING.

"TREMBLE, thou earth," the Anointed Poet said;
"At God's bright presence tremble all ye mountains,
And all ye hillocks on the surface round."
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
The Muse with transport hears ye once again
Convulse the solid continent, and shake,
Grand music of Omnipotence, the Isles!
'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of power,
'Tis thy terrific voice, all nature hears it
Awakened and alarmed; she feels its force,
In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine. Behold! recoils
Athos, and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their bases at the god-like sound!
But what is this, celestial though the note,
And proclamation of the reign supreme,
Compared with such as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watery world down a huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breast;
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if named with sounds
So mighty, so stupendous, so divine.
But not alone in the aërial vault
Does He the dread Theocracy maintain:
For oft enraged with his intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet,—cities then
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
What though in haughty eminence erect,

Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts—though many a bastion jut
Forth from the rampart's elevated mound;
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shattered towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable up-torn,
And hurled down th' abyss: sulphureous pyrites,
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With dire outrageous, and destructive ire,
Augment th' hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we felt
Within Augusta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threatened indignation: but even Thou,
Incensed Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warned us,
With mercy blended wrath; oh! spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction. We confess
That Thou art He, th' Almighty: we believe.
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake,
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.
Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is, and is not, in a moment—hark!
On th' hurricane's tempestuous sweep He rides,
And forests are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
The west encounters east, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dared the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints, and falls, and dies; while He supreme,
Stands stedfast in the centre of the storm.
Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join

To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.
Survey the magnet's sympathetic love
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
The attractive amber's power, invisible
E'en to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from the electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Shew me the hand that dealt it! Baffled here
By his omnipotence, philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in the ethereal space,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.
If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Ruled by established laws and current nature)
Arrest the attention, who, oh! who shall tell
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
Repeals He or suspends? when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds He wrought
Before the astonished sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band,
Lost in the reflux of the watery walls
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Samson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerve was strung to o'erthrow
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell
How David triumphed, and what Job sustained?
But, O supreme unutterable mercy!
O love unequalled, mystery immense,
Which angels long to unfold! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,—
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the virgin's unpolluted womb,
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness revealed,

And on benighted reason poured the day,
"Let there be peace," He said, and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
When, "Oh! be still, ye boisterous winds," He cried,
And not a breath was blown nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracle and might,
And charity and love: ere yet He taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet He rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death, and sin, and hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
Were tied to Him for ever. Oh! how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstasy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd,
His flocks shall follow through the maze of life,
And shades that tend the day spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love Him; for sweet is their savour,
And all eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of Glory enters in,
Be to the saints unbarred, and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom; where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion;—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is and was,
And, in immortal prowess, King of kings,
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever!

GOODNESS OF GOD.

ORPHEUS, (for so the Gentiles called thy name,)
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could wake
The inanimate to motion; who alone

The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods, with musical persuasion drew;
Thou who to hail and snow gavest voice and sound,
And madest the mute melodious! greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and ruled o'er more
Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quelled the evil angel; in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself; each thought impure,
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge and sanctify; so shall the muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on earth as He is praised in heaven.
Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Framed universal being, and whose eye
Saw, like Thyself, all things were formed for good.
Where shall the timorous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song
And just thanksgiving? The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind;
Its vivifying beams my heart illumes,
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn
That paint the streaky east, and blithesome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest.
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fallen dew.
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy show.
O! thrice illustrious, were it not for thee,
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
View through th' immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast the while,

The purple and the gold, that far outvie
The eastern monarch's garment, e'en with the dock,
E'en with the baleful hemlock's irksome green;
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of Him, who ere He formed their lord,
Their voices tuned to transport, winged their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark and the redbreast, jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feathered families;
He feeds his sweet musicians, nor neglects
The invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And though their throats coarse rattling meet the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise;
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man.
But not to all!—for hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and medicine of the mind!
The thrilling trebles, and the manly base,
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song.
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
The sun through storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each golden beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells

In air, in stedfast earth, or fickle sea.
Oh! He is good, He is immensely good!
Who all things formed, and formed them all for man;
Who marked the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty! Rise, attend,
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To Him who made the mite. Though, Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crowned backs,
And grace the turbaned tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault and seeks the assisting glass;
Approach, and bring from Araby the Blest
The fragrant cassia, frankincense and myrrh,
And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, feeble Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
To adorn his temples; hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While, unpursued, thy lions roam and roar,
And ruined towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide,
Remurmur to the glorious surly sound.
And thou, fair India, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere, extends,
Haste from the west, and with thy fruits and flowers,
Thy mines and medicines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so famed to flow,
By fabling bards, from Amalthea's horn,
Is thine! thine, therefore, be a portion due
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant crown
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap,
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of grace
And Christian excellence, his goodness own;

Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise;
Clad in the armour of the living God,
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory-compassed helm,
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the sons of charity begin,
In strains seraphic and melodious prayer:
"O All-sufficient, All-beneficent!
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear!
Thou who to lowest minds dost condescend,
Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
Adopting jealousy to prove thy love!
Thou who resigned humility upholdest,
E'en as the florist props the drooping rose;
But quellest tyrannic pride with peerless power,
E'en as the tempest rives the stubborn oak!
O All-sufficient, All-beneficent!
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear!
Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
To heaven, to immortality, and Thee!"

DAVID.

SUBLIME invention, ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme;
Notes from your exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
O'er meaner thoughts supreme.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage:
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God, the mighty source
Of all things—that stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

"Tell them I am," Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, "O Lord! Thou art."

JOHN LOGAN.

JOHN LOGAN was born at Soutra, in Mid Lothian, in 1748. He was bred to the Scottish Church, and became one of the ministers of Leith. Disagreeing, however, with his congregation, he came to London, and supported himself by his pen. He died in the metropolis, in December, 1788.

Logan contributed many of the finest paraphrases to the Collection used in the Scottish Church. His poetry discovers great taste, and delicacy of sentiment, and a fervid imagination, and is written with much elegance.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

JOB XIV.

FEW are thy days and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning; flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblems of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field,
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield

When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies

Nipt by the year, the forest fades,
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind

The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return,
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

The inexorable gates of death,
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost, can ne'er recall
From that abyss again

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeemed
Back to the gates of light

"So man departs the living scene
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

"Where are our fathers? whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings,
In sacred books enrolled?

"Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come."

Thus Nature poured the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty He rose;
And from the heaven that opened wide,
His voice in mercy flows:

"When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul, immortal, wings its flight
To never-setting day.

"Prepared of old for wicked men,
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss,
Immortal in the skies."

CHRIST PRESENTED IN THE TEMPLE.

LUKE II.

WHEN Jesus, by the virgin brought,
So runs the law of heaven,
Was offered holy to the Lord,
And at the altar given;

Simeon the just and the devout,
Who, frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain,

Came heaven-directed at the hour,
When Mary held her son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face,
The good old father smiled,
While fondly in his withered arms
He clasped the promised child.

And then he lifted up to heaven
An earnest asking eye;
"My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord! let thy servant die.

"At last, my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

"The star and glory of the land,
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine."

THE PRAYER OF JACOB

O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led,

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide

Oh! spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace!

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore,
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore

HYMN

The rush may rise where waters flow,
And flags beside the stream,
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam

So is the sinner's hope cut off,
Or, if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From every breath that flies

Fixed on his house he leans: his house,
And all its props decay;
He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
The tottering frame gives way.

Fair, in his garden, to the sun,
His boughs with verdure smile;
And deeply fixed his spreading roots,
Unshaken stand awhile.

But forth the sentence flies from heaven,
That sweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord,
Nor owns it knew his face.

Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
Who heaven's high law despise:
They quickly fall; and in their room,
As quickly others rise.

But, for the just, with gracious care,
God will his power employ;
He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
And fill their hearts with joy.

NATHANIEL COTTON

WAS a physician at St. Alban's, where he acquired great reputation in his profession, and died in 1798.

The poetical compositions of Cotton are distinguished by a refined elegance of sentiment, and simplicity of expression. He writes flowingly and correctly; and sometimes with elevation and spirit. His thoughts are always just, and religiously pure. All his works convey religious and moral instruction to the reader.

LIFE.

LET not the young my precepts shun:
Who slight good counsels are undone.
Your poet sung of love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
But, if you please, before we part,
I'd speak a language to your heart.
We'll talk of Life, though much I fear
Th' ungrateful tale would wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reason why:
But say, life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root;
Some unexpected storm shall rise,
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
And (if experienced truths prevail)
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.
"But, poet, whence such wide extremes?
Well may you style your labours dreams.
A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
Whose visions are the brats of Spleen.
Is bliss a vague unmeaning name?
Speak then the passions' use or aim?

Why rage desires without control,
And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul?
Why hope erects her towering crest,
And laughs and riots in the breast?
Think not my weaker brain turns round;
Think not I tread on fairy ground;
Think not your pulse alone beats true,—
Mine makes as healthful music too.
Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,
Put forth their early buds apace:
See, the bloom loads the tender shoot;
The bloom conceals the future fruit.
Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
Shall ripen what in spring begun.
Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
In germinating clusters grow;
And only wait the summer's ray,
To burst and blossom to the day."
What said the gay unthinking boy?
Methought Hilario talked of joy!
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
Or what those mighty joys you prize.
You'll find (and trust superior years,)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could wisdom teach where joys abound,
Or riches purchase them when found,
Would sceptred Solomon complain
That all was fleeting, false, and vain?
Yet sceptred Solomon could say,
Returning clouds obscured his day.
Those maxims which the preacher drew,
The royal sage experienced true.
He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian state;
That toys our earlier thoughts engage,
And different toys maturer age;
That grief at every stage appears,
But different griefs at different years;

That vanity is seen, in part,
Inscribed on every human heart;
In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate?
Ah! what is life at fourscore years?
One dark rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and tears.
Perhaps you'll think I act the same
As a sly sharper plays his game:
You triumph every deal that's past,
He's sure to triumph at the last!
Who often wins some thousands more
Than twice the sums you won before.
But I'm a loser with the rest,
For life is all a deal at best,
Where not the prize of wealth or fame
Repays the trouble of the game;
(A truth no winner e'er denied
An hour before that winner died);
Nor that with me these prizes shine,
For neither fame nor wealth is mine.
My cards a weak plebeian band,
With scarce an honour in my hand!
And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you?
Nor am I gainer by your fall,
That harlot, Fortune, bubbles all!
'Tis truth, (receive it ill or well,)
'Tis melancholy truth, I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure physicians have no merit,
Who kill through lenity of spirit!
That life's a game, divines confess;
This says at cards, and that at chess:
But if our views be centred here,
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,
If they discover from afar
A bark as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, strength, and size;
And when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe;
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.

I closed the day as custom led,
With reading till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again displayed her magic power;
(For know that Fancy, like a sprite,
Prefers the silent scenes of night,)
She lodged me in a neighbouring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The Genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye;
The curious painter had portrayed
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They who have only known its dawn
May think these lines too deeply drawn;
But riper years, I fear, will show
The wiser artist paints too true.
One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smiled;
The road with thorns is covered wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side;
Here tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Through all the gloomy valley creep.
Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape:

Here Avarice gripes with harpy claws;
There Malice grins with tiger's jaws;
While sons of Mischief, Art, and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.

E'en Pleasure acts a treacherous part;
She charms the sense, but stings the heart;
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commissioned angel stands
With desolation in his hands;
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And lo! ten thousand breathe their last.
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the Fury discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to the graves;
Or Famine lifts her mildewed hand,
And Hunger howls through all the land.
"Oh! what a wretch is man!" I cried;
"Exposed to death on every side!
And sure as born to be undone,
By evils which he cannot shun!
Besides a thousand baits to sin,
A thousand traitors lodge within!
For, soon as vice assaults the heart,
The rebels take the demon's part."

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before;
But gleams of light are here displayed
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade;
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile:

A group of virtues blossom near;
Their roots improve by every tear.
Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart:
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And heaven rewards the struggling soul.
But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, one of our greatest modern poets, was born in 1731, and died in 1800. His life was clouded by ill health and constitutional melancholy, and presents a most afflicting picture of human weakness; his diffidence was such, that he could not engage in any profession; when he attempted it, the effort was too much for him; and he was compelled to retire to private life. Perhaps it was happy for the world that such was the case, for in his retirement he produced many works, the best of which is his *Task*. This poem consists of six books, and the title is adopted, in allusion to the injunction of a lady to write a poem, for the subject of which she started the sofa. It commences with a sportive discussion of this subject, but soon falls into a serious strain of rural description, mingled with moral sentiments and portraitures, which is preserved through the six books, ranging from thought to thought, with no perceptible method. As a poet, Cowper possessed that combination of energies which marks the mind of a great genius. He has furnished examples of the sublime, the pathetic, the descriptive, the moral, and the satirical. Nothing seemed beyond his grasp; he was so original, that none of his works remind us of a former muse. His Hymns are some of the most beautiful in the English language.

THE REPENTANT SINNER.

If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
If ever, when he sighed, hast sighed again,
If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear
That pity had engendered, drop one here.
This man was happy—had the world's good word,
And with it every joy it can afford;
Friendship and love seemed tenderly at strife,
Which most should sweeten his untroubled life;
Politely learned, and of a gentle race,
Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,

And whether at the toilet of the fair
He laughed and trifled, made him welcome there;
Or if in masculine debate he shared,
Ensured him mute attention, and regard.
Alas, how changed! expressive of his mind,
His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclined;
Those awful syllables, hell, death, and sin,
Though whispered, plainly tell what works within;
That conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart.
Forsaking and forsaken of all friends,
He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends;
Hard task! for one who lately knew no care,
And harder still, as learned beneath despair;
His hours no longer pass unmarked away,
A dark importance saddens every day;
He hears the notice of the clock perplexed,
And cries, "Perhaps eternity strikes next."
Sweet music is no longer music here,
And laughter sounds like madness in his ear;
His grief the world of all her power disarms,
Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms;
God's holy word, once trivial in his view,
Now by the voice of his experience true,
Seems as it is, the fountain, whence alone
Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.
Now let the bright reverse be known abroad;
Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.
As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doomed for some atrocious cause,
Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears
The shameful close of all his mispent years,
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:

If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters, and his fear;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him whom hope has with a touch made whole.
'Tis heaven, all heaven, descending on the wings
Of the glad regions of the King of kings;
'Tis more:—'tis God diffused through every part,
'Tis God Himself triumphant in his heart;
Oh! welcome now, the sun's once hated light,
His noon-day beams were never half so bright!
Not kindred minds alone are called to employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy;
Unconscious nature! all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise.

THE MILLENNIUM.

The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which heaven has heard for ages, have an end;
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promised Sabbath comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath moved Him, and his wrath is hot,

Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot paved with love;
And what his storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.
Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch:
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels
To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a task more arduous still.

Oh! scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss, which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenness is passed. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now; the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,

To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place.
That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not: the pure and uncontaminated blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations, and all cry
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise filled,
See Salem built, the labour of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light! the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there;
The looms of Ormus, and the minds of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the furthest west,
And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travelled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.
Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once

Perfect, and all must be at length restored;
So God as greatly purposed! who would else
In his dishonoured works Himself endure
Dishonour, and be wronged without redress.
Haste then, and wheel away a shattered world,
Ye slow revolving seasons! We would see
(A sight, to which our eyes are strangers yet,)
A world that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good;
How pleasant in itself what pleases Him.
Here every drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers,
And e'en the joy, that haply some poor heart
Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
Oh! for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which,
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, shouldering aside
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men;
Where violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears;
Where he that fills an office, shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: where law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as wisdom prompts,
And equity; not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright:
Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth good breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of love.

GOD THE LIFE OF ALL THAT LIVES.

THE Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the sacred fire
By which the mighty process is maintained;
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male: Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One Spirit—his,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms in which He sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds,
Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Of what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer. As with Him no scene
Is dreary, so with Him all seasons please.
Though winter had been none, had man been true,

And earth be punished for its tenants' sake,
Yet not in vengeance, as this smiling sky,
So soon succeeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream,
Recovering fast its liquid music, prove.

ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH GOD.

ACQUAINT thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well-pleased to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touched from heaven,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashioned it, he gives it praise;
Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees Him or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ

More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked;
A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which heaven rang, when every star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy. "Tell me, ye shining hosts
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
Favoured as ours, transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?
As one who, long detained on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I, with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordained to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend."

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer-birds,
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows; and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer, None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,

Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes.
When Isaac, like the solitary saint,
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And thinks on her who thinks not for herself;
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seeks his proper happiness by means
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an incumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits and rendering none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe;
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted place.
The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But he may boast, what few that win it can,
That, if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well;

The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode,
Because that world adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly, more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceived; aware that what is base
No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
Though well perfumed and elegantly dressed,
Like an unburied carcass tricked with flowers,
Is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song; not vexed with care,
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.

HOPE.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all,
That men have deemed substantial since the fall,
Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use;
And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, with chemic art,
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.

Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues and preserve him pure.
Hope! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights, in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command;
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
Were light, when viewed against one smile of thine.

ON A BILL OF MORTALITY.

Could I, from heaven inspired, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,
On which the press might stamp him next to die;
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye!

Time then would seem more precious than the joys
In which he sports away the treasure now;
And prayer more seasonable than the noise
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah! self-deceived! Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play,
But, naming *none*, the voice now speaks to *All*.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade—
One falls—the rest, wide scattered with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warned,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorned,
Die self-accused of life run all to waste?

Sad waste! for which no after thrift atones:
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you

RELIGION NOT ADVERSE TO PLEASURE.

Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued;
To study, culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil;
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands;

To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create;
To mark the matchless workings of the power
That shuts within its seed the future flower;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell;
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes;
To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of time.

THE ENCHANTMENT DISSOLVED.

BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,
The world to our unpractised hearts
A flattering prospect shows;
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
And undisturbed repose.

So in the desert's dreary waste,
By magic power produced in haste,
(As ancient fables say,)
Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the traveller meet,
And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies;
'Twas but enchanted ground:
Thus if the Lord our spirits touch,
The world, which promised us so much,
A wilderness is found.

At first we start, and feel distressed,
Convinced we never can have rest

In such a wretched place;
But He whose mercy breaks the charm,
Reveals his own Almighty arm,
And bids us seek his face.

Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed
By this beloved Friend,
We follow Him from day to day,
Assured of grace through all the way,
And glory at the end.

TRUST IN GOD.

GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me,
I have an advocate with Thee;
They, whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead

RETIREMENT

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THIS highly-gifted Christian poet was born at Nottingham, in 1785. He was first intended to follow his father's trade, which was that of a butcher; was afterwards apprenticed to a hosier, and after that articled to a lawyer. But neither of these callings was congenial to his feelings and talents; and, by the kindness of some friends, he was enabled to enter himself of St. John's College, Cambridge, to study for the Church. Here he obtained several prizes at the public examinations, but they were dearly purchased; incessant study speedily brought him to the grave, in 1807, in the twenty-second year of his age.

The effusions of Kirke White breathe a pure spirit of poetry, and show that he possessed a fertile imagination. What might he not have been, had not death robbed the world of him thus early!

THE CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

HYMN.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Re-tune thy strings for Jesu's sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hidingplace.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh! where, shall man retire,
T' escape the horrors of his ire?

'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hidingplace.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To Him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hidingplace.

Yet, courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesu's cleansing blood

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed,
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hidingplace.

SONNET.

WHAT art Thou, mighty One? and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And Thou dost bear within thy awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet
Stern on thy dark wrought car of cloud and wind
Thou guidest the northern storm at night's dread noon
Or on the red wing of the fierce monsoon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost Thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space

FAITH.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
And from his tower of mist
Night's watchman hurries down
The pious man
In this bad world, where mists and couchant storms

Hide heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veiled
With intervening vapours; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
But on whose billowy back, from man concealed,
The glaring sunbeam plays.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS.

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do tread
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions! planets and central orbs
Of other systems, big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe, yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp! to you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewildered,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts,
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warped with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator; Him, who now sublime,
Wrapped in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres,
Sits on his silent throne and meditates.

Th' angelic hosts, in their inferior heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies: the glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene. Th' Æolian spheres,

Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note and cry, "The Lord is great!"
Responding to the seraphim. O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,
What e'en are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!
Thou, the dread Author of these wondrous works,
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence? Thou canst;
For Thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour!

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gauds, and honours of the world, appear!
How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatched the slow-paced night? Why on the page,
The schoolman's laboured page, have I employed
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
Say, can the voice of narrow fame repay
The loss of health? Or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one, can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,

Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave—
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign?
Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!
How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God,
Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And, oh! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling. All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

JAMES GRAHAME.

JAMES GRAHAME, author of *The Sabbath, The Birds of Scotland, British Georgics*, &c., was born at Glasgow, in 1765. He received a good education, and was by his friends articled to a lawyer; but his own desire was to enter the Church. Accordingly, after a few years spent without profit in his uncongenial profession, he sought and obtained holy orders of the Bishop of Norwich. He did not obtain a living in the Church, but officiated as a curate, first at Shipton, in Gloucestershire; next at St. Margaret's, in Durham; and last at Sedgefield; performing all the duties of his office with Christian fidelity. He died in 1811.

All the productions of Grahame display an amiability of mind rarely equalled, and never surpassed. The great charm of his poetry is manly simplicity, and unaffected piety. His touches of rural scenery and modes of life are graphic in the highest degree.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

Six days the heavenly host, in circle vast
Like that untouching cincture which enzones
The globe of Saturn, compassed wide this orb,
And with the forming mass floated along

In rapid course, through yet untravelled space,
Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
Bursting from Chaos at the omnific will,
And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star
On Paradise arose. Blessed that eve!
The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete
In freshest beauty from Jehovah's hand,
Creation bloomed; when Eden's twilight face
Smiled like a sleeping babe: the voice divine
A holy calm breathed o'er the goodly work:
Mildly the sun upon the loftiest tree
Shed mellowly a sloping beam. Peace reigned,
And love, and gratitude; the human pair
Their orisons poured forth; love, concord reigned.
The falcon perched upon the blooming bough
With Philomela, listened to her lay;
Among the antlered herd the tiger couched
Harmless; the lion's mane no terror spread
Among the careless, ruminating flock.
Silence was o'er the deep; the noiseless surge,
The last subsiding wave—of that dread tumult
Which raged when ocean at the mute command
Rushed furiously into his new-cleft bed,—
Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore;
While on the swell the sea-bird, with her head
Wing-veiled, slept tranquilly. The host of heaven,
Entranced in new delight, speechless adored;
Nor stopped their fleet career, nor changed their form
Encircular till on that hemisphere,—
In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
Its incense, odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
Arose; then wide the flying circle sped,
And soared in semblance of a mighty rainbow.
Silent ascend the choirs of seraphim,
No harp resounds, mute each voice is: the burst
Of joy and praise reluctant they repress,—
For love and concord all things so attuned
To harmony, that earth must have received

The grand vibration, and to the centre shook:
But soon as to the starry altitudes
They reached, then what a storm of sound tremendous
Swelled through the realms of space. The morning stars
Together sang, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy! Loud was the peal; so loud
As would have quite o'erwhelmed human sense:
But to the earth it came a gentle strain,
Like softest fall breathed from Æolian lute,
When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
"Day of the Lord! creation's hallowed close!
Day of the Lord! (prophetical they sung)
Benignant mitigation of that doom
Which must ere long consign the fallen race,
Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and woe."

THE SABBATH AS A DAY OF REST.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree:
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently
With covered face, and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,
While wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,

As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

A SPRING SABBATH WALK.

Most earnest was his voice! most mild his look,
As with raised hands he blessed his parting flock.
He is a faithful pastor of the poor;—
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
"Feed, feed my sheep;" are ever at his heart,
The cross of Christ is aye before his eyes.
Oh! how I love with melted soul to leave
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
Alone! what though the opening spring be chill!
Although the lark, checked in his airy path,
Eke out his song, perched on the fallow clod
That still o'ertops the blade! although no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream,
What though the clouds oft lour! their threats but end
In summer-showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couched violets, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe,—melodious bird!
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray,
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf,)
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.
Sweet is the sunny nook to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roamed,
Unheeding where,—so lovely all around
The works of God arrayed in vernal smile.

Oft at this season, musing, I prolong
My devious range, till sunk from view, the sun
Emblaze, with upward slanting ray, the breast

And wing unquivering of the wheeling lark
Descending, vocal, from her latest flight;
While disregardful of yon lowly star,
The harbinger of chill night's glittering host,—
Sweet redbreast, Scotia's Philomela, chants
In desultory strains his evening hymn.

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness! it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade!
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,
Moaned from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-eaved nest.
And from the root-sprig trills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp,—the buzz
Angrily shrill of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow-shoal,
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread,
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or, from above
Some feathered dam, purveying midst the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize:—sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked,)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,

Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.
Now let me trace the stream up to its source,
Among the hills; its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur runs a trickle;
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-shoots,
With brier and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air; grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain
Spread wide below; how sweet the placid view!
But oh! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought!
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil, partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing Him who gave the Sabbath-day.
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline: to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.
Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.
Now, when the downward sun has left the glens
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown across the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush! the torrent's channel dry
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt:
But hark, a plaintive sound floating along!

'Tis from yon heath-roofed shielin; now it dies
Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He,—who listens to the halleluiahs
Of choiring seraphim—delights to hear:
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicket door: behold the man!
The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
Upon the smooth cropt sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight!
While, heedless, at his side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest; to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind, that from those ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass:
The sere and yellow wreaths with eddying sweep
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend, conjunction rare!
A man he was indeed of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep; the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range;
(It was not wide,) no dog would bay at him:
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knees, and wonder at his oft-told tales;
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait

The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship;
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit! that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
That copes the sheep-fold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears;
Flowers faintly tinged and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
That circles autumn's brow: the ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
With auburn branches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like, I gaze
In vacancy of thought upon that stream,
And chase with dreaming eye the eddying foam:
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest-sheaf
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene; deep, deep,
The stillness of the winter Sabbath-day,—
Not even a foot-fall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered key-stone of the churchyard porch;
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried:
No step approaches to the house of prayer:
The flickering fall is o'er; the clouds disperse,

And show the sun hung o'er the welkin's verge.
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire;
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood.
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold!
There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
Of high-poized eagle break at times the calm,
The mantled echoes no response return.
But let me now explore the deep sunk dell:
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes, and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen.
While gurgling deep below the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. Oh! then
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away:

So the Great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

"SUFFER that little children come to me,
Forbid them not." Emboldened by his words,
The mothers onward press; but finding vain
Th' attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
To strangers' hands; the innocents alarmed,
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink trembling, till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of Jesus beaming love
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms,
And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS ANNOUNCED.

DEEP was the midnight silence in the fields
Of Bethlehem; hushed the folds; save that at times
Was heard the lambs' faint bleat; the shepherds, stretched
On the green sward, surveyed the starry vault.
"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shews forth thy handy-work:"
Thus they their hearts attuned to the most High;
When suddenly a splendid cloud appeared,
As if a portion of the milky way
Descended slowly in the spiral course;
Near and more near it draws; then, hovering, floats
High as the soar of eagles, shedding bright
Upon the folded flocks a heavenly radiance,
From whence was uttered loud, yet sweet, a voice:—
"Fear not, I bring good tidings of great joy;
For unto you is born this day a Saviour!
And this shall be a sign to you,—the babe
Laid lowly in a manger ye shall find,"—
The angel spake, when, lo! upon the cloud,
A multitude of seraphim enthroned,
Sang praises, saying, "Glory to the Lord
On high: on earth be peace, good will to men,"

With sweet response harmoniously they choired;
And while with heavenly harmony the song
Arose to God, more bright the buoyant throng
Illumed the land: the prowling lion stops,
Awe-struck, with mane upreared, and flattened head;
And without turning, backward on his steps
Recoils, aghast, into the desert gloom.
A trembling joy the astonished shepherds prove,
As heavenward re-ascends the vocal blaze
Triumphantly; while by degrees the strain
Dies on the ear, that, self-deluded, listens,
As if a sound so sweet could never die.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

THE following stanzas are the production of a youth of only eighteen years of age, and are replete with originality and fancy, happily blended with Christian feeling. The author, whom disagreements with his family induced to enlist as a private soldier, died of consumption at a very early age, in 1817.

THE THREE TABERNACLES.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build,—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah! no:
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
To a small narrow cave; and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah! no: she forgets
The charms that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside;
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain:
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no: they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Nor a sob, nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve:
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear;
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no: for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the Great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

THIS useful and elegant author was the only daughter of Dr. John Aikin, a dissenting minister. Early in life she married Rochemont Barbauld, who opened a seminary at Palgrave, at which place he had obtained the charge of a congregation. In his scholastic employment he was assisted by Mrs. Barbauld, who devoted all her talents to the instruction of the pupils; and it was for them that she composed her well-known *Early Lessons*, and *Hymns in Prose*. Of her devotional poems too much cannot be said in commendation; they entitle her to the esteem of every real Christian. She died in 1825.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GOD of my life, and Author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise,
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallowed name, to harps of seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble and adore.
Worms, angels, men in every different sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name
Which nature's works through all her parts proclaim;
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul;
As by a charm the waves of grief subside,
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:

At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.
But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But He our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame remembers man is dust.
His spirit ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give,
Accept the vow and bid the suppliant live:
From each terrestrial bondage set me free!
Still every wish that centres not in Thee:
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.
If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters and through flowery meads,
Where all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart,—Beware!
With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
And doubtful with a trembling heart rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound and thorns perplex my way—
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on Thee;

With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.
I read his awful name emblazoned high,
With golden letters on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree:
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With Thee in shady solitudes I walk;
With Thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in Thee.
Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I stand and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to Thee, in Thee to die.

HYMNS.

JEHOVAH reigns: let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim.
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms, resounding
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land:
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night;
His spirit hushed the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life:
Seasons and months began the long procession,
And measured o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffused her shadowy light,
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night.
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,
Numerous as dew drops from the womb of morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers He dressed,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;
Then from the hollow of his hand He pours
The circling waters round her winding shores,
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finished pride,
All fair and spotless like a virgin bride;
Fresh with untarnished lustre as she stood,
Her Maker blessed his work and called it good
The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sang, and hailed the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must pass away,
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires and the pride of kings.
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself with weary clouds oppressed,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky;
The stars rush headlong in their wild commotion,
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

But fixed, O God! for ever stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffused is still the same;
He dwells within his own unfathomed essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But, oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise.
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control,
Revere Him in the stillness of the soul;
With silent duty meekly bend before Him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore Him

LOVE TO GOD.

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessing of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh! what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom;
Oh! what a Sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls He loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.

And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow

And still for erring, guilty man
A brother's pity flows,
And still his bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give,
And stand prepared like Thee to die
With Thee that I may live

WILLIAM KNOX.

WILLIAM KNOX, the son of a respectable farmer in Roxburgshire, was the author of *The Harp of Sion*, and *Songs of Israel*, works deserving far more attention than they have yet obtained. His Scripture themes have a rich glow of fancy and feeling, and their language is singularly elegant. He died in Edinburgh at the age of thirty-six, in 1825.

YOUTH AND AGE.

JOB VII. 16.

OH! Youth is like the spring-tide morn,
When roses bloom on Jordan's strand,
And far the turtle's voice is borne
Through all Judea's echoing land!
When the delighted wanderer roves
Through cedar woods, and olive groves,
That spread their blossoms to the day;
And climbs the hill, and fords the stream,
And basks him in the noon-tide beam,
"Oh! I would live alway."

But Age is like the winter's night,
When Hermon wears his mantle cloud,
When moon and stars withdraw their light,
And Hinnom's blast is long and loud;
When the dejected pilgrim strays
Along the desert's trackless maze,
Forsaken by each friendly ray;
And feels no vigour in his limb,
And finds no home or earth for him,
And cries, amid the shadows dim,
"I would not live alway."

Oh! Youth is firmly bound to earth,
When hope beams on each comrade's glance;
His bosom chords are tuned to mirth,
Like harp-strings in the cheerful dance;
But Age has felt those ties unbound,
Which fixed him to that spot of ground
Where all his household comforts lay;
He feels his freezing heart grow cold,
He thinks of kindred in the mould,
And cries, amid his grief untold,
"I would not live alway."

THE ATHEIST.

PSALM XIV. 1.

THE fool hath said, "There is no God:"
No God!—Who lights the morning sun,
And sends him on his heavenly road,
A far and brilliant course to run?
Who, when the radiant day is done,
Hangs forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,
And bids the planets, one by one,
Steal o'er the night-vales, dark and damp?

No God!—Who gives the evening dew,
The fanning breeze, the fostering shower?
Who warms the spring-morn's budding bough,
And paints the summer's noontide flower?
Who spreads in the autumnal bower,
The fruit-tree's mellow stores around;
And sends the winter's icy power,
T' invigorate the exhausted ground?

No God!—Who makes the bird to wing
Its flight like arrow through the sky,
And gives the deer its power to spring
From rock to rock triumphantly?

Who formed Behemoth, huge and high,
That at a draught the river drains,
And great Leviathan to lie,
Like floating isle, on ocean plains?

No God!—Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings soft and sweet,
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet,
And soar away on pinions fleet,
Beyond the scene of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of an after life?

No God!—Who fixed the solid ground
On pillars strong, that alter not?
Who spread the curtained skies around?
Who doth the ocean bounds allot?
Who all things to perfection brought
On earth below, in heaven abroad?—
Go ask the fool of impious thought
That dares to say,—"There is no God!"

TO-MORROW.

PROV. XXVII. 2.

To-Morrow!—Mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day,
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed,
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—the merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—Mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day,
That e'en thyself may pass away.

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

PROV. XII. 4.

THOU askest what hath changed my heart,
And where hath fled my youthful folly?
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye—as soft and blue as even
When day and night are calmly meeting—
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip,
Like dewdrops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey-bees all crowd to sip,
And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming, ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
That sets the stream a-flowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast,
E'en like the harp-string's holiest measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest
And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly!
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

BISHOP HEBER.

REGINALD HEBER, Bishop of Calcutta, was born in 1783. He was educated at Oxford, and there produced his celebrated prize poem, entitled *Palestine*, when only nineteen years of age; and he afterwards wrote various other poetical pieces of great sweetness and elevation of thought. Few Hymns in the English language can be pointed out as more admirable than some that emanated from his pen. To Heber belongs the merit of attempting to reform our Church Psalmody; a work of infinite importance. He died in India in 1826, having held his dignified situation for only a short period.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

FOR many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Mizraim's throne, were there;
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek,
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.

Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold,
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots rolled?
So these are they, whom lord of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes, has poured through all her hundred gates.
Mother of armies! How the emerald glowed,
Where flushed with power and vengeance Pharaoh rode;
And stoled in white, those blazing wheels before
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore:
And still reponsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum murmured "Victory."
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom,
Whom come ye forth to combat? warrior, whom?
These flocks and herds, this faint and weary train,
Red from the scourge, and weary from the chain?
Friend of the poor! the poor and friendless save—
Giver and Lord of freedom! help the slave.
North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly
The circling pall of Egypt's chivalry.

On earth's last margin throng the weeping train,
Their cloudy guide moves on—And must we sweep the main?
Mid the light spray the snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.
He comes—their leader comes—the man of God
O'er the wide water lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads; the circling waves retreat
In hoarse deep murmurs from his holy feet:
And the chafed surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass a deep and slippery dell;
Round them arise, in pristine chaos hurled,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calf's low-roofed haunts, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread,
The seething waters storm above their head;
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them or cheerless came the night;
Still in the van along that dreadful road
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God,
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave;
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek and dance in every eye—
To them alone:—for Mizraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster gods in vain:
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods along their line;
Yet on they go by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed.
Till midway now that strange and fiery form,
Showed his dread visage, lightening through the storm,
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot wheels and marred their coursers flight.
"Fly, Mizraim fly," the ravenous floods they see,
And fiercer than the floods, the Deity!
"Fly, Mizraim, fly," from Edom's coral strand,
Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand:
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep:
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs passed,
As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast,
And strange and sad the whispering surges bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below;
The mingled limbs of men, the broken car,
A few sad relics of a nation's war:
Alas, how few! Then soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell;
And he whose hardened heart alike had borne
The hours of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,

The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude.
Till, kindling into warmer zeal around,
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;
And in fierce joy no more by doubt supprest,
The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast.
She—with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye—
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear,
Oris' sunlike shield and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread;
Shout Israel! for the Lord hath triumphed!"

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side,
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide:
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came;
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

Can this be He, who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's high way:
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified?

While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks hide us; mountains on us fall;"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

HYMN ON THE CREATION.

OH! blest were the accents of early creation,
When the words of Jehovah came down from above,
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to love.

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,
When on the wheels of the thunder, and wings of the wind,
By lightning and hail, and thick darkness attended,
He uttered on Sinai his laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the first-born of heaven,
Though poor his apparel, though earthly his form;
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven,"
"Be whole" to the sick, and, "Be still" to the storm.

O Judge of the world! when arrayed in thy glory,
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,
When nature stands trembling and naked before Thee,
And waits on thy sentence to live or to die.

When the heavens shall fly fast from the sound of thy thunder,
And the sun in thy lightnings grow languid and pale,
And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder,
In the hour of thy terrors, let mercy prevail.

HYMN TO THE SEASONS.

When Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon, and stars, their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
Shall man alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No,—let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love; and, Saviour, honour Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither,—the hope of Summer fade,—
The Autumn droop in Winter,—the birds forsake the shade,—
The wind be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their old decree,—
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee.

HOSANNAH.

HOSANNAH to the Living Lord!
Hosannah to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let heaven, let earth, hosannah sing.

Hosannah, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosannah, Lord! thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, all around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this, thy house of prayer;
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Here we thy parting promise claim.

But chief in every cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Maker in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong.
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel.
Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climb the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

WEEP not, O mother, sounds of lamentation;
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly!
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation!
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee!

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall;
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping o'er him,
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners, who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
"Set down the bier—he is not dead, but sleeping!
Young man, arise!" He spake, and was obeyed!

Change then, O sad one, grief to exultation;
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation!
Strong was the Word of God to succour thee.

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean;
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

HEAVEN TRANSCENDENTLY GLORIOUS.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer-sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God, O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair;
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man;
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

ROBERT POLLOK.

ROBERT POLLOK was born in 1799, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he applied to his studies with an ardour that undermined his constitution. In 1827 he was appointed a Licentiate of the Scottish Secession Church, but did not live to enter upon his sacred duties, dying of consumption before the close of the same year. He was the author of *The Course of Time*, a poem of great power, which was published only a few months prior to his death.

PRAISE.

HARPS of eternity! begin the song:
Redeemed, and angel harps! begin to God,
Begin the anthem ever sweet and new,
While I extol Him, holy, just, and good,
Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love!
Eternal, uncreated, infinite!
Unsearchable Jehovah! God of truth!
Maker, Upholder, Governor of all:
Thyself unmade, ungoverned, unupheld.
Mysterious more the more displayed, where still
Upon thy glorious throne thou sitt'st alone:
Hast sat alone, and shalt for ever sit
Alone; invisible, immortal One!
Behind essential brightness unbeheld;
Incomprehensible! what weight shall weigh,
What measure measure Thee? What know we more
Of Thee, what need to know, than Thou hast taught,
And bidd'st us still repeat at morn and even
God! Everlasting Father! Holy One!
Our God, our Father, our Eternal all!
Source whence we came, and whither we return;
Who made the heaven, who made the flowery land;
Thy works all praise Thee: all thy angels praise;

Thy saints adore, and on thy altars burn
The fragrant incense of perpetual love.
They praise Thee now: their hearts, their voices praise,
And swell the rapture of the glorious song.
Harp, lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! "Glory to God!"
And to the Lamb who bought us with his blood,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls;
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God.
Shout back to ancient Time! Sing loud, and wave
Your palms of triumph! sing, "Where is thy sting,
O Death? where is thy victory, O Grave?"
Thanks be to God! eternal thanks, who gave
Us victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Harp, lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! "Glory to God."

THE BIBLE.

HAST thou ever heard
Of such a book? The author God Himself;
The subject, God and man, salvation, life,
And death—eternal life, eternal death;
Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds.
Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely! only star which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The eternal hills, pointed the sinner's eye.

By prophets, seers, and priests, and sacred bards,
Evangelists, apostles, men inspired,
And by the Holy Ghost anointed, set
Apart, and consecrated to declare
To earth the counsels of the Eternal One,
This book, this holiest, this sublimest book,
Was sent Heaven's will, Heaven's code of laws entire,
To man, this book contained, defined the bounds
Of vice and virtue, and of life and death,
And what was shadow, what was substance, taught
Much it revealed, important all, the least
Worth more than what else seemed of highest worth,
But this of plainest, most essential truth
That God is one, eternal, holy, just,
Omnipotent, omniscient, infinite,
Most wise, most good, most merciful, and true,
In all perfection most unchangeable
That man, that every man of every clime
And hue, of every age, of every rank,
Was bad, by nature and by practice bad,
In understanding blind, in will perverse,
In heart corrupt, in every thought, and word,
Imagination, passion, and desire,
Most utterly depraved throughout, and ill,
In sight of Heaven, though less in sight of man,
At enmity with God his Maker born,
And by his very life an heir of death,
That man, that every man was, farther, most
Unable to redeem himself, or pay
One mite of his vast debt to God, nay, more,
Was most reluctant and averse to be
Redeemed, and sin's most voluntary slave
That Jesus, Son of God, of Mary born
In Bethlehem, and by Pilate crucified
On Calvary for man thus fallen and lost,
Died, and by death, life and salvation brought,
And perfect righteousness, for all who should
In his great name believe that He, the third

In the eternal essence, to the prayer
Sincere should come, should come as soon as asked,
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
To give faith and repentance, such as God
Accepts; to open the intellectual eyes,
Blinded by sin; to bend the stubborn will,
Perversely to the side of wrong inclined,
To God and his commandments just and good;
The wild rebellious passions to subdue,
And bring them back to harmony with heaven;
To purify the conscience, and to lead
The mind into all truth, and to adorn
With every holy ornament of grace,
And sanctify the whole renewed soul,
Which henceforth might no more fall totally,
But persevere, though erring oft, amidst
The mists of time, in piety to God,
And sacred works of charity to men:
That he who thus believed, and practised thus,
Should have his sins forgiven, however vile;
Should be sustained at midday, morn and even,
By God's omnipotent, eternal grace;
And in the evil hour of sore disease,
Temptation, persecution, war, and death,
Beneath the shadow of the Almighty's wings
Should sit unhurt, and at the judgment-day
Should share the resurrection of the just,
And reign with Christ in bliss for evermore:
That all, however named, however great,
Who could not thus believe, nor practise thus,
But in their sins impenitent remained,
Should in perpetual fear and terror live;
Should die unpardoned, unredeemed, unsaved;
And at the hour of doom should be cast out
To utter darkness in the night of hell,
By mercy and by God abandoned, there
To reap the harvest of eternal woe.

PRIDE.

PRIDE, self-adoring pride, was primal cause
Of all sin past, all pain, all woe to come.
Unconquerable pride! first, eldest sin,
Great fountain-head of evil! highest source,
Whence flowed rebellion 'gainst the Omnipotent,—
Whence hate of man to man, and all else ill.
Pride at the bottom of the human heart
Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all
That grew above. Great ancestor of vice!
Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God;
Envy and slander; malice and revenge;
And murder, and deceit, and every birth
Of hateful sort, was progeny of pride.
It was the ever-moving, acting force,
The constant aim, and the most thirsty wish
Of every sinner unrenewed, to be
A god; in purple or in rags, to have
Himself adored. Whatever shape or form
His actions took, whatever phrase he threw
About his thoughts, or mantle o'er his life,
To be the highest was the inward cause
Of all; the purpose of the heart to be
Set up, admired, obeyed. But who would bow
The knee to one who served, and was dependent?
Hence man's perpetual struggle, night and day,
To prove he was his own proprietor,
And independent of his God; that what
He had might be esteemed his own, and praised
As such. He laboured still, and tried to stand
Alone, unpropped, to be obliged to none;
And, in the madness of his pride, he bade
His God farewell, and turned away to be
A god himself; resolving to rely,
Whatever came, upon his own right hand.

BIGOTRY.

O LOVE-DESTROYING, cursed Bigotry!
Cursed in heaven, but cursed more in hell,
Where millions curse thee, and must ever curse.
* * * * * * * * *
The infidel who turned his impious ear
Against the walls of Zion, on the rock
Of ages built, and higher than the clouds,
Sinned and received his due reward; but she
Within her walls sinned more. Of ignorance
Begot, her daughter, Persecution, walked
The earth from age to age, and drank the blood
Of God's peculiar children, and was drunk,—
And in her drunkenness dreamed of doing good.
The supplicating hand of innocence,
That made the tiger mild, and in his wrath
The lion pause, the groans of suffering most
Severe, were nought to her: she laughed at groans:
No music pleased her more, and no repast
So sweet to her as blood of men redeemed
By blood of Christ. Ambition's self, though mad,
And nursed on human gore, with her compared,
Was merciful. Nor did she always rage:
She had some hours of meditation set
Apart, wherein she to her study went,
The Inquisition, model most complete
Of perfect wickedness, where deeds are done,—
Deeds! let them ne'er be named,—and sat and planned
Deliberately, and with most musing pains,
How, to extremest thrill of agony,
The flesh, and blood, and souls of holy men,
Her victims, might be wrought; and when she saw
New tortures of her labouring fancy born,
She leaped for joy, and made great haste to try
Their force—well pleased to hear a deeper groan.

HANNAH MORE.

THIS amiable writer was born in 1745, at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where her father kept a school. Her first publication was a pastoral drama; and she produced soon after two or three plays, which were acted in London. However, she soon ceased to write for the theatre, and devoted her talents to higher purposes. Her poetry is of a high order, and her prose works, on religious subjects and on education, are deservedly popular. She died in 1833.

REFLECTIONS OF KING HEZEKIAH IN HIS SICKNESS.

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die."—Isaiah xxxviii.

WHAT! and no more? Is this, my soul, said I,
My whole of being? Must I surely die?
Be robbed at once of health, of strength, of time,
Of youth's fair promise, and of pleasure's prime?
Shall I no more behold the face of morn,
The cheerful daylight, and the spring's return?
Must I the festive bower, the banquet leave,
For the dull chambers of the darksome grave?
Have I considered what it is to die?
In native dust, with kindred worms to lie;
To sleep in cheerless, cold neglect! to rot!
My body loathed, my very name forgot!
Not one of all those parasites, who bend
The supple knee, their monarch to attend!
What, not one friend? No: not a hireling slave
Shall hail great Hezekiah in the grave.
Where's he who falsely claimed the name of Great,
Whose eye was terror, and whose frown was fate,
Who awed a hundred nations from the throne?
See where he lies, dumb, friendless, and alone!

Which grain of dust proclaims the noble birth?
Which is the royal particle of earth?
Where are the marks, the princely ensigns,—where?
Which is the slave, and which great David's heir?
Alas! the beggar's ashes are not known
From his who lately sat on Israel's throne!
How stands my great account? My soul, survey
The debt Eternal Justice bids thee pay!
Should I frail memory's records strive to blot,
Will heaven's tremendous reckoning be forgot?
Can I, alas! the awful volume tear?
Or rase one page of the dread register?
"Prepare thy house, thy house in order set:
Prepare the Judge of heaven and earth to meet."
So spake the warning Prophet,—awful words!
Which fearfully my troubled soul records.
Am I prepared? and can I meet my doom,
Nor shudder at the dreaded wrath to come?
Is all in order set, my house, my heart?
Does no besetting sin still claim a part?
No cherished error, loath to quit its place,
Obstruct within my soul the work of grace?
Did I each day for this great day prepare,
By righteous deeds, by sin-subduing prayer?
Did I each night, each day's offence repent,
And each unholy thought and word lament?
Still have these ready hands the afflicted fed,
And ministered to Want her daily bread?
The cause I knew not did I well explore?
Friend, advocate, and parent of the poor?
Did I, to gratify some sudden gust
Of thoughtless appetite, some impious lust
Of pleasure or of power, such sums employ
As would have flushed pale Penury with joy?
Did I in groves forbidden altars raise,
Or molten gods adore, or idols praise?
Did my firm faith to heaven still point the way?
Did charity to man my actions sway?

Did meek-eyed Patience all my steps attend?
Did generous Candour mark me for her friend?
Did I unjustly seek to build my name
On the piled ruins of another's fame?
Did I abhor, as hell, the insidious lie,
The low deceit, the unmanly calumny?
Did my fixed soul the impious wit detest?
Did my firm virtue scorn the unhallowed jest,
The sneer profane, and the poor ridicule
Of shallow Infidelity's dull school?
Did I still live as born one day to die,
And view the eternal world with constant eye?
If so I lived, if so I kept the word,
In mercy view, in mercy hear me, Lord!
For oh! how strict soe'er I kept thy law,
From mercy only all my hopes I draw;
My holiest deeds indulgence will require;
The best but to forgiveness will aspire;
If Thou my purest services regard,
'Twill be with pardon only, not reward.
How imperfection's stamped on all below!
How sin intrudes in all we say or do!
How late, in all the insolence of health,
I charmed the Assyrian by my boast of wealth!
How fondly with elaborate pomp displayed
My glittering treasures! with what triumph laid
My gold and gems before his dazzled eyes,
And found a rich reward in his surprise!
Oh, mean of soul! can wealth elate the heart,
Which of the man himself is not a part?
Oh, poverty of pride! oh, foul disgrace!
Disgusted Reason, blushing, hides her face.
Mortal and proud! strange contradicting terms!
Pride for death's victim, for the prey of worms!
Of all the wonders which the eventful life
Of man presents; of all the mental strife
Of warring passions; all the raging fires
Of furious appetites and mad desires;

Not one so strange appears as this alone,
That man is proud of what is not his own.
How short is human life! the very breath
Which frames my words accelerates my death.
Of this short-life how large a portion's fled!
To what is gone I am already dead;
As dead to all my years and minutes past,
As I to what remains shall be at last.
Can I past miseries so far forget,
To view my vanished years with fond regret?
Can I again my worn-out fancy cheat?
Indulge fresh hope? solicit new deceit?
Of all the vanities weak man admires,
Which greatness gives, youth hopes, or pride desires,
Of these, my soul, which hast thou not enjoyed?
With each, with all, thy sated powers are cloyed.
What can I then expect from length of days?
More wealth, more wisdom, pleasure, health, or praise?
More pleasure! hope not that, deluded king!
For when did age increase of pleasure bring?
Is health of years prolonged the common boast?
And dear earned fame, is it not cheaply lost?
More wisdom! that indeed were happiness;
That were a wish a king might well confess:
But when did Wisdom covet length of days?
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No:—Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force;
A stream, diverted from its parent source;
A drop, dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.
Why should I ask my forfeit life to save?
Is heaven unjust which dooms me to the grave?

Was I with hope of endless days deceived?
Or of loved life am I alone bereaved?
Let all the great, the rich, the learned, the wise,
Let all the shades of Judah's monarchs rise,
And say, if genius, learning, empire, wealth,
Youth, beauty, virtue, strength, renown, or health,
Has once reversed the immutable decree
On Adam passed, of man's mortality?
What! have these eyes ne'er seen the felon-worm
The damask cheek devour, the finished form?
On the pale rose of blasted beauty feed,
And riot on the lip so lately red?
Where are our fathers? Where the illustrious line
Of holy prophets, and of seers divine?
Live they for ever? Do they shun the grave?
Or when did wisdom its professor save?
When did the brave escape? When did the breath
Of Eloquence charm the dull ear of death?
When did the cunning argument avail,
The polished period, or the varnished tale;
The eye of lightning, or the soul of fire,
Which thronging thousands crowded to admire?
E'en while we praise the verse, the poet dies;
And silent as his lyre great David lies.
Thou, blessed Isaiah! who at God's command
Now speak'st repentance to a guilty land,
Must die! as wise and good thou hadst not been,
As Nebat's son, who taught the land to sin.
And shall I then be spared? oh, monstrous pride!
Shall I escape when Solomon has died?
If all the worth of all the saints were vain,—
Peace, peace, my troubled soul, nor dare complain.
Lord, I submit. Complete thy gracious will!
For if Thou slay me, I will trust Thee still.
Oh! be my will so swallowed up in thine,
That I may do thy will in doing mine.

FAITH IN HUMBLE LIFE.

THY triumphs, Faith, we need not take
Alone from the blest martyr's stake;
In scenes obscure no less we see
That Faith is a reality;
An evidence of things not seen,
A substance firm whereon to lean.
Go, search the cottager's low room,
The day scarce piercing through the gloom;
The Christian on his dying bed,
Unknown, unlettered, hardly fed;
No flattering witnesses attend,
To tell how glorious was his end;
Save in the book of life, his name
Unheard; he never dreamt of fame:
No human consolation near,
No voice to soothe, no friend to cheer;
Of every earthly stay bereft,
And nothing,—but his Saviour left;
Fast sinking to his kindred dust,
The word of live is still his trust;
The joy God's promises impart
Lies like a cordial at his heart;
Unshaken faith its strength supplies,
He loves, believes, adores, and dies!

INCENTIVE TO EARLY RISING.

SOFT slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renewed;
May my freed spirit too awake,
With heavenly strength endued.

Thou silent murderer, Sloth, no more
My mind imprisoned keep;
Nor let me waste another hour
With thee, thou felon Sleep.

Think, O my soul, could dying men
One lavished hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and passed in pain,
What treasures would they give!

But seas of pearls, and mines of gold,
Were offered then in vain,
Their pearl of countless price is sold,
And where's the promised gain?

Lord, when thy day of dread account,
For squandered hours shall come,
Oh! let not this increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum

Teach me in health each good to prize,
I dying shall esteem,
And every pleasure to despise,
I then shall worthless deem.

For all thy wondrous mercies past
My grateful voice I'll raise,
While thus I quit my bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THIS writer, a man of great and varied talents, was born in 1772, and died in 1834. His first publication, called *The Watchman*, produced at an early age, was unsuccessful, but it was followed by poems and several prose works which are justly held in high estimation, and have placed their author among the most eminent writers of the age. Whether in poetry or prose, they are written with much energy of feeling and grace of expression, and their sentiments are those of a learned man and a devout Christian.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed,
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night;
While sweeter than a mother's song,
Blessed angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high! and peace on earth.

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the babe she pressed;
And while she cried, The babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast:
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn:
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate;
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
Oh! why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

And is not war a youthful king,
A stately hero clad in mail?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him earth's majestic monarchs hail!
Their friend, their playmate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child!

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the sire and starves the son,
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won;
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease;
I'm poor, and of a low estate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace!
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn;
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born!"

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

Born unto God in Christ—in Christ, my all!
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which we call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, our Father!
The heir of heaven, henceforth I dread not death:
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath

Of the true life. Let sea, and earth, and sky,
Wage war against me; on my front I shew
Their mighty Maker's seal! In vain they try
To end my life, who can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes! but not *his*: 'tis death itself that dies!

FELICIA HEMANS.

THIS lady, who died at Dublin in 1835, is favourably known as the authoress of many poetical pieces of great merit, the pure and graceful productions of a Christian gentlewoman. It is to be lamented that she did not do justice to her talents, by exerting them on some work of importance, as what she has left behind her, though excellent of their kind, show that she was capable of greater things.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vowed
Unto the temple service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God.
So passed they on
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs
With their cool dimness crossed the sultry blue

Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that she might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheeks' repose,
As at a red flower's heart: and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.
At last the Fane was reached,
The earth's One Sanctuary; and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted through rainbow-gleaming tears his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung even as ivy clings; the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swelled high; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—"Alas!" she cried,

"Alas, my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy beaming eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains at my side;
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

"And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away,
While, through its chambers wandering weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill?

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn!
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child? will He not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Will He not guard thy rest,
And in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God! the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore, farewell!—I go; my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks;
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me!
Thou, in the shadow of the rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell!"

THE AGED PATRIARCH

Of life's past woes, the fading trace
Hath given that aged patriarch's face
Expression, holy, deep, resigned,
The calm sublimity of mind.

Years o'er his snowy head have past,
And left him of his race the last;
Alone on earth, but yet his mien
Is bright with majesty serene;

And those high hopes, whose guiding star
Shines from eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye,
Whose fount is immortality.

And o'er his features poured a ray
Of glory not to pass away,
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone.

On earth by nought but pity's tie,
Detained a moment from on high;
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One from all passions purified.

E'en now half-mingled with the sky,
And all prepared, oh! not to die,
But, like the prophet, to aspire
To heaven's triumphal car of fire.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
As when the righteous fall asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou, that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
Oh! send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood.

Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,—
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say,—"Peace, be still!"

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

'Twas early day—and sun-light streamed
Soft through a quiet room
That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed—
Still, but with nought but gloom:
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright
On his grey holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there;
But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirits own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye;
Some ancient promise breathing yet
Of immortality;
Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said, "I know
That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death;
Silent—yet did not each young breast,
With love and reverence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls—and blest
That home where God is felt.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands on glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thy earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray!—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain!
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR of *The World before the Flood, The West Indies, Songs of Zion,* and several other poems of great beauty, has also published a most interesting volume styled *Prose by a Poet,* and was for several years editor of a newspaper at Sheffield.

The general character of Montgomery's poetry has been likened to that of Cowper.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish;—O my mother earth!
Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear,
My pulse—my brain runs wild,—I rave,
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am the grave!

"The grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
Oh, listen!—I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast,
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee.
Ah! think not, hope not, fool! to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
By the dread secrets of the womb!
By death and hell!

"I charge thee, live!—repent and pray:
In dust thine infamy deplore,
There yet is mercy;—go thy way
And sin no more.

"Art thou a mourner? Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"Oh! live; and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a wanderer? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been—
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"Live! and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told;
Thou hast mistaken solid dross
For Friendship's gold.

"Go seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound,
With heavenly balm.

"In woman hast thou placed thy bliss,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betrayed thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love?

"Live! 'twas a false, bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But kills the heart.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter Maiden's virtuous charms!
Blessed shalt thou be, supremely blessed,
In Beauty's arms.

"Whate'er thou art—whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And, in thy chastening sorrows, see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake;—
He wounds to heal!

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done! Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A spark of day!

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor of the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!"

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, "Nay."
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither He went, or whence He came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered;—not a word He spake;—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all; He blessed it, brake,
And ate;—but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone:
The heedless water mocked his thirst:
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out,—it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest;
Laid Him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; He was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured Him midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood run chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise,
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
He spake; and my poor name He named,
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

ON THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living, or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections' transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

LIFE, DEATH, AND JUDGMENT.

Few, few, and evil are thy days,
Man of a woman born!
Peril and trouble haunt thy ways.
Forth, like a flower at morn,
Thy tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms to the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night:
Man like a shadow flees.

And dost thou look on such an one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?

As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep,
His life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
Oh! hide me till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst slay or save!
Hide me where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave!

CHRIST THE PURIFIER.

"He shall sit as a refiner, and purifier of silver."—Mal. iii. 3.

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten silver's virgin mass
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure:
But who the fiery trial may abide?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure?
That He whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face;
But, stampt with heaven's broad signet, there be shown
Immanuel's features full of truth and grace.
And round that seal of love this motto be,
"Not for a moment, but—eternity!"

WHAT IS PRAYER?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles at the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou! by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod
Lord, teach us how to pray.

THE DAY AFTER JUDGMENT.

THE days and years of time are fled,
Sun, moon, and stars have shone their last.
The earth and sea gave up their dead,
Then vanished at th' archangel's blast.
All secret things have been revealed,
Judgment is passed, the sentence sealed
And man to all eternity
What he is now henceforth must be.

From Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one escaped that muster-roll,
Each, as if he alone were there,
Stood up, and won or lost his soul.
These from the Judge's presence go,
Down into everlasting woe;
Vengeance hath barred the gates of hell,—
The scenes within no tongue can tell.

But, lo! far off the righteous pass
To glory, from the King's right hand;
In silence on the sea of glass
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While He who bore the cross lays down
His priestly robe and victor crown;
The mediatorial reign complete,
All things are put beneath his feet.

Then every eye in Him shall see
(While thrones and powers before Him fall,)
The fulness of the Deity,
Where God Himself is all in all.
Oh! how eternity shall ring
With the first note the ransomed sing;
While in that strain all voices blend,
Which once begun shall never end.

In that unutterable song,
Shall I employ immortal breath?
Or, with the wicked borne along,
For ever die the second death?
Jesus! my life, my light, Thou art;
Thy word is in my mouth, my heart;
Lord, I believe,—my spirit save
From sinking lower than the grave.

A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM IN SPIRIT

The scene around me disappears,
And, borne to ancient regions,
While Time recalls the flight of years,
I see angelic legions
Descending in an orb of light,
Amidst the dark and silent night;
I hear celestial voices.

"Tidings, glad tidings from above,
To every age and nation;
Tidings, glad tidings,—God is love,
To man He sent salvation:
His Son beloved, his only Son,
The work of mercy hath begun,
Give to his name the glory."

Through David's city I am led;
Here all around are sleeping;
A light directs to yon poor shed,
Where lonely watch is keeping:
I enter;—ah! what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine?
Messiah's infant temple?

It is; it is;—and I adore
This Stranger meek and lowly,
As saints and seraphs bow before
The throne of God thrice holy;
Faith through the vail of flesh can see
The face of thy Divinity,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour!

HALLELUJAH.

HARK! the song of Jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword: He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end!—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know,
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppress

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray.
Since Thou art my guardian no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my comforter near

In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er,
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head,
Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love

PSALM CIV.

MY soul, adore the Lord of might,
With uncreated glory crowned;
And clad in royalty of light,
He draws the curtained heavens around.
Dark waters his pavilion form,
Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm;

Lightning before Him and behind,
Thunder rebounding to and fro;
He walks upon the winged wind,
And reins the blast, or lets it go:
This goodly globe his wisdom planned;
He fixed the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world of old
He summoned the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows rolled
Back to their parent gulf again;
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
Its daily fall and flow maintains;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
Leap from the hills, or course the plains;
There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling
Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
And birds among the branches sing:
Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flowers,
God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks;
On Lebanon his cedar towers;
The wild goats bound upon his rocks;
Fowls in his forest build their nests;
The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemned to toil,
He fills with grain the golden ear;
Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,
And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer.
The moon her tide of changing knows,
Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out;
He maketh darkness, and 'tis night;
Then roam the beasts of prey about;
The desert rings with chase and flight:
The lion and the lion's brood
Look up,—and God provides their food.

Morn dawns far east; ere long the sun
Warms the glad nations with his beams;
Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
And night returns to them in dreams:
Man from his couch to labour goes,
Till evening brings again repose.

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathomed caves beneath the deep
For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurled,
By Thee directed on their way;
There, in his own mysterious world,
Leviathan delights to play;
And tribes that range immensity,
Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give;
Take Thou away their breath, they die
Send forth thy Spirit from above,
And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes;
Touches the mountains, and they burn
Thou God, for ever art the same;
I AM, is thine unchanging name.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol, in the year 1774, and was educated at Baliol College, Oxford. Soon after leaving college he visited Spain and Portugal, and published an account of what he had seen, on his return. He has since produced a considerable number of works, both poetry and prose, which have been well received, and which shew him to be an elegant writer, of high moral feeling. He at present holds the situation of poet laureate, which post he has enjoyed for nearly thirty years.

LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell:
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But love is indestructible;
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe, the lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

AFFLICTION

METHINKS if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown you here
Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky
Sailing along, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon. I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams
But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of waxy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene

REMEMBRANCE

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends.
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends,
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more
To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms
What then shall soothe his earliest woes?
What novelty hath lost its charms?

Condemned to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lightens, as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.
From hard control and tyrant rules
The unfeeling discipline of schools,

The child's sad thoughts will roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers, with a sigh,
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes: the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah! no for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
The fabled bliss destroy;
And he remembers, with a sigh,
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on;
But, with the baseless hopes of Youth,
Its generous warmth is gone;
Cold, calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering, with an envious sigh,
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our Mortal Pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old Experience learns too late,
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er;
Yet Age remembers, with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Is a true poet, to whom public opinion now renders tardy justice. He received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, and after a tour on the Continent, settled in the Lake country in the North, to the picturesque features of which allusions are very frequent in his works.

Wordsworth's poems are mostly written in a style of great simplicity, but they everywhere present their author in his true light, as an amiable man and a sincere Christian.

TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy!

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn;
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide;
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night,
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this our hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run:
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide from thy love's abundant source
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with thy grace through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS

FLATTERED with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape
Her loveliest and her last

Less fair is Summer riding high,
In fierce solstitial power,
Less fair than when a lenient sky
Brings on a parting hour

When earth repays with golden sheaves
The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits, and forest leaves,
All brighten on the bough,

What pensive beauty Autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of Winter rushing in to close
The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such
So may our Autumn blend
With hoary Winter and life touch
With heaven born hope her end!

TO THE SUPREMF BEING

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou sayest it may
Unless Thou show to us thy own true way,

No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead:
Do Thou then breathe these thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee!
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

JEHOVAH THE PROVIDER.

AUTHOR of being! life-sustaining King!
Lo! Want's dependant eye from Thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores;
Give to her prayers the renovating Spring,
And Summer-heats all perfecting that bring
The fruits which Autumn from a thousand stores
Selecteth provident! when earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
Without thy blessing, the submissive steer
Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain;
Without thy blessing on the varied year,
Can the swarth reaper grasp the golden grain?
Without thy blessing, all is black and drear;
With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.

THE KIRK OF ULPHA[1].

THE KIRK OF ULPHA to the Pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky:
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste, beside an Arab's tent;
Or the Indian tree, whose branches downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.

[1] Ulpha is a small village on the river Duddon, in the south of Cumberland.

How sweet were leisure! could it yield no more
Than 'mid that wave-washed churchyard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by th' unseen river's gentle roar.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!
See Latimer and Ridley, in the might
Of faith, stand coupled for a common flight!
One (like those prophets whom God sent of old,)
Transfigured, from this kindling hath foretold
A torch of unextinguishable light;
The other gains a confidence as bold:
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime
Are glorified, while this once mitred pair
Of saintly friends "the murtherer's chain partake,
Corded and burning at the social stake."
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair

JEWEL AND HOOKER.

Holy and heavenly spirits as they are,
Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they prize
Their new-born church! labouring with earnest care
To baffle all that may her strength impair;

That church—the unperverted gospel's seat;
In their afflictions a divine retreat;
Source of their liveliest hope and tenderest prayer
The truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have sought
Firmly between the two extremes to steer;
But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,—
To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

EXILED REFORMERS.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand
Most happy re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
Their country's woes. But scarcely have they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
Ere hope declines; their union is beset
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds
Their forms are broken staves; their passions, steeds
That master them. How enviably blest
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
The peace of God within his single breast!

SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God Himself we cannot give
A holier name. Then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined; but of thy spiritual care
Be duly mindful; still more sensitive

Do *thou*, in truth a second *mother*, strive
Against disheartening custom; that by thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
'Tended at need, the adopted plant may thrive
For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
This ordinance, whether loss it would supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated vow be found,
An idle form, the *word* an empty sound!

NEW CHURCHES.

But liberty and triumphs on the main,
And laurelled armies not to be withstood,
What serve they? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The state (oh! surely not preserved in vain!)
Forbear to shape due channels which the flood
Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er th' Egyptian plain,
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time
Is conscious of her want; through England's bounds
In rival haste the wise for temples rise!
I hear their sabbath-bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
That hill or vale prolongs or multiplies

THE NEW CHURCH-YARD.

The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring heaven;
And where the rugged colts their gambols played,

And wild-deer bounded through the forest glade,
Unchecked as when by merry outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even:
And soon, full soon, the lonely sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
But infinite in grasp of weal and woe!
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow,—
The spousal trembling—and the "dust to dust"—
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust,
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

BERNARD BARTON,

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends, is the author of numerous pieces, marked alike by sweetness of versification, and tender and Christian feeling.

HUMAN LIFE.

'In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth."—Ps. xc. 6.

I WALKED the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The skylark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance is joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon:—Alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass,
And stretched the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I strayed,
Through lonely hay-fields musing,
While every breeze that round me played,
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scattered the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

Though glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,
On the day of its first dedication,
When the cherubims' wings widely waving were seen
On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skilled
To minister standing before Thee,
Retired from the cloud which the temple then filled,
And thy glory made Israel adore Thee;

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then;
Yet the worship thy Gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repealed
But by Him, unto whom it was given
To enter the Oracle, where is revealed,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once entered, hath shown us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before Thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee!

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around Him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage He taught,
To her who inquired by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought,
Or adored on Samaria's mountain.

"Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,
Will neither be worshipped *exclusively* here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

"For God is a spirit! and they who aright
Would perform the pure worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth."

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred;
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred;
Beholding while he suffered on,
The healing virtue given,—and gone!

No power had he; no friendly aid
To him its timely succour brought;
But, while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought;—
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone!

Had they who watched and waited there
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care,
Would they have sought his pitying eye,
And craved with fervency of soul,
His power divine to make them whole!

But habit and tradition swayed
Their minds to trust to sense alone;
They only hoped the angel's aid;
While in their presence stood unknown
A greater, mightier far than he,
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went,
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still Omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found,
Religion's outward forms remain—
With living virtue only crowned
While their first freshness they retain;
Only replete with power to cure
When, spirit-stirred, their source is pure!

Yet are there who this truth confess,
Who know how little forms avail,
But whose protracted helplessness
Confirms the impotent's sad tale;
Who, day by day, and year by year,
As emblems of his lot appear.

They hear the sounds of life and love,
Which tell the visitant is nigh;
They see the troubled waters move,
Whose touch alone might health supply;
But weak of faith, infirm of will,
Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still

Saviour! thy love is still the same
As when that healing word was spoke;
Still in thine all-redeeming name
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke.
Oh! be that power, that love displayed!
Help those, whom Thou alone canst aid!

TIME'S TAKINGS AND LEAVINGS.

WHAT does age take away?
Bloom from the cheek, and lustre from the eye;
The spirits light and gay,
Unclouded as the summer's bluest sky.

What do years steal away?
The fond heart's idol, Love, that gladdened life:
Friendship, whose calmer sway
We trusted to in hours of darker strife.

What must with Time decay?
Young Hope's wild dreams, and Fancy's visions bright;
Life's evening sky grows grey,
And darker clouds prelude Death's coming night.

But not for such we mourn!
We know them frail, and brief their date assigned;
Our spirits are forlorn,
Less from Time's thefts, than what he leaves behind.

What do years leave behind?
Unruly passions, impotent desires,
Distrusts and thoughts unkind,
Love of the world, and self—which last expires.

For these, for these we grieve;
What Time has robbed us of we know must go:
But what he deigns to leave,
Not only finds us poor, but keeps us so.

It ought not thus to be;
Nor would it, knew we meek Religion's sway;
Her votary's eye could see
How little Time can give, or take away.

Faith, in the heart enshrined,
Would make Time's gifts enjoyed and used, while lent;
And all it left behind,
Of Love and Grace, a noble monument.

THE NIGHTINGALE FLOWER.

Fair flower of silent night!
Unto thy bard an emblem thou should'st be:
His fount of song in hours of garish light
Is closed, like thee.

But with the vesper hour
Silence and solitude its depths unseal:
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
Their life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still
To give imagination holier scope,
And deem that thus the future may fulfil
A loftier hope?

That, as thy lovely bloom,
Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star like ray,—

So in life's dark decline,
When the grave's shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hopes may like thy blossoms shine
Bright at the last,

And as the grateful scent
Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,
Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
Might Hope's fair blossom like thy floweret, brave
Death's wintry night,

Knowing the dawn drew nigh
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
Nor fear decay!

POWER AND BENEVOLENCE

God is not great because omnipotent!
But because power in Him is understood
And felt, and proved to be benevolent,
And wise, and holy,—thus it ever should!

For what He wills we know is pure and good,
And has in view the happiness of all:
Hence love and adoration:—never could
The contrite spirit at his footstool fall,
If power, and power *alone*, its feelings did appal!

If then divinest power be truly so,
Because its proper object is to bless;
It follows, that all power which man can know,
The highest even monarchs can possess,
Displays alone their "less than littleness,"
Unless it seek the happiness of man
And glory of the Highest;—nothing less
Than such a use of power one moment can
Make its possessor great, on wisdom's God-like plan.

FORGET ME NOT.

APPEALING language! unto me
How much thy words impart!
They seem as if designed to be
The motto of the heart;
Whose fondest feelings, still the same,
Whate'er its earthly lot,
Prefer alike this touching claim,
And say—"Forget me not!"

The soldier who for glory dies,
However bright may seem
The fame he wins in others' eyes
Would own that fame a dream,
Did he not hope its better part
Would keep him unforgot:
The chosen motto of his heart
Is still—"Forget me not!"

The sailor tossed on stormy seas,
Though far his bark may roam;
Still hears a voice in every breeze,
That wakens thoughts of home:
He thinks upon his distant friends,
His wife, his humble cot;
And from his inmost heart ascends
The prayer—"*Forget me not!*"

The sculptor, painter, while they trace
On canvass or in stone,
Another's figure, form, or face,
Our motto's spirit own;
Each thus would like to leave behind
His semblance—and for what?
But that the thought which fills his mind
Is this—"Forget me not!"

The poet, too, when borne along
In thought to distant time,
Pours forth his inmost soul in song,
Holds fast this hope sublime!
He would a glorious name bequeath,
Oblivion shall not blot,
And round that name his thoughts enwreath
The words—"Forget me not!"

Our motto is in truth; the voice
Of nature in the heart;
For who from mortal life, by choice,
Forgotten would depart?
Nor is the wish by grace abhorred,
Or counted as a spot;
Even the language of our Lord
Is still—"Forget me not!"

Within the heart his spirit speaks
The words of truth divine,
And by its heavenly teaching seeks
To make that heart his shrine.

This is "the still small voice" which all
In city or in grot,
May *hear* and *live;* its gentle call
Is—"Man, forget me not!"

HENRY HART MILMAN

Received his education at Oxford, and became Professor of Poetry in that University. He is now rector of St. Margaret s, Westminster, and is the author of *Belshazzar*, *The Siege of Jerusalem*, and other poems, which are formed upon classical models, and abound in passages of great truth and beauty.

A FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown:
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou loved'st best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

THE NATIVITY.

Thou wast born of woman, Thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strewed,
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before Thee on thy way.
But Thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother, undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest,
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air!
Nor stooped their lamps th' enthroned fires on high,
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky,
The Eastern Sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub-choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres,
Poured through the host of heaven the charmed clouds along;
One angel-troop the strain began.
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when Thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear Thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes;
Nor didst Thou mount on high,
From fatal Calvary,
With all thine own redeemed out-bursting from their tombs.
For Thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with Thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance break;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay,
Then basked in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:
While Thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom,
Ere yet the white-robed angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when Thou didst arise Thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty sinners' murtherous crew;
But Thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few:

Then calmly, slowly didst Thou rise
Into thy native skies;
Thy human form dissolved on high
Into its own radiancy.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is *He?*
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is *He?*
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembled at *His* doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at his side;
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is *He?*
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep:
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is *He?*
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before *His* throne,
By the rainbow round *His* brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

THE JUDGMENT.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are poured
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear!

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
So the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

O Mercy! O Mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath, to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

HENRY KEBLE,

A MEMBER of the University of Oxford, is the author of a work entitled *The Christian Year*, which has been very favourably received by all who can duly appreciate the union of Christian truth and high poetic power which it exhibits.

MORNING.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible,
Around his path are taught to swell.

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing.

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay for soft rains, in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight,
Who, day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And keep us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

AUTUMN.

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crowned the eastern copse; and chill and dun
Falls on the moon the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good night from every glade:
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float,
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide
And yet no second spring have they in store;
But where they fall, forgotten, to abide,
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild flowers round them shall unfold;
The green buds glisten in the dews of spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious, they in waste oblivion lie;—
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
No drop for them of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again,
Yet he complains; while these, unmurmuring, part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain
As his, when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half-unblamed, his murmuring voice
Might sound in heaven, were all his second life
Only the first renewed—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Though brightened oft by dear affection's kiss:
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart:
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field, yet breezes laugh to scorn

Our puny speed; and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even,
Who but would follow, might he break his chain?

And thou shalt break it soon; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigured Lord, with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee,

When from the grave He sprung at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast,
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,—
And many a gale of keenest woe be passed,
Till every pulse beat time to airs divine,—

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul the call by Jesus given
He whom the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to heaven

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

THIS lady, whose poems published under the initials L. E. L. display much grace of versification and correct feeling, was for several years known as a contributor to various periodical publications. In 1837 she married a gentleman named Maclean, who was governor of one of the English settlements on the coast of Africa, but died there shortly after her arrival, under very melancholy circumstances.

THE ORPHAN.

ALONE, alone!—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;
And yet they say my mother's eyes,
They say my father's brow, is mine;
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face,
But now it is a stranger's eye,
That finds some long forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,
His home and tomb alike the wave;
And I was early taught to weep,
Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look,—
But only one familiar tone;
If I had ought of memory,
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the evening wind:
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye,
Look from those distant stars on me?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
Again a parent's love to share?
I often kneel beside thy grave,
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide,
I will not weep, but I will pray:
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay!
Earth's meanest flower, heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal to their Maker's love:
And I can say, "Thy will be done,"
With eyes that fix their hopes above.

THE PILGRIM.

VAIN folly of a another age,
This wandering over earth,
To find the peace by some dark sin,
Banished our household hearth.

On Lebanon the dark green pines
Wave over sacred ground,
And Carmel's consecrated rose
Springs from a hallowed mound.

Glorious the truth they testify,
And blessed is their name;
But even in such sacred spot,
Are sin and woe the same.

O Pilgrim! vain each toilsome step,
Vain every weary day;
There is no charm in soil or shrine,
To wash thy guilt away.

Return, with prayer and tear, return
To those who weep at home;
To dry their eyes will more avail,
Than o'er a world to roam.

There's hope for one who leaves with shame,
The guilt that lured before:
Remember, He, who said "Repent,'
Said also, "Sin no more."

Return, and in thy daily round
Of duty and of love,
Thou best wilt find that patient faith,
Which lifts the soul above.

In every innocent prayer, each child
Lisps at his father's knee:—
If thine has been to teach that prayer,
There will be hope for thee.

There is a small white church, that stands
Beside thy father's grave.
There kneel and pour those earnest prayers
That sanctify and save.

Around thee draw thine own home ties,
And with a chastened mind,
In meek well-doing seek that peace,
No wandering will find.

In charity and penitence,
Thy sin will be forgiven;—
Pilgrim, the heart is the true shrine,
Whence prayers ascend to heaven.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY,

A CLERGYMAN of the Established Church, is the author of *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, and some other works, which have become deservedly popular, as they exhibit great command of language and the other graces of poetry, united to much amiable sentiment, and have throughout but one object—that of impressing the awful truths of religion upon the heart of the reader

ANGELS.

ELYSIAN race! while o'er their slumbering flocks
The Galilean shepherds watched, ye came
To sing hosannas to the heaven-born Babe,
And shed the brightness of your beauty round.
Nor have ye left the world, but still, unseen,
Surround the earth, as guardians of the good;
Inspiring souls, and leading them to heaven!
And oh! when shadows of the state unknown
Advance, and Life endures the grasp of Death,
'Tis yours to hallow and illume the mind,
The starry wreath to bring, by angels worn,
And crown the spirit for her native sphere.

BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

NOT all the pomp and pageantry of worlds
Reflect such glory on the eye supreme,
As the meek virtues of one holy man:
For ever doth his Angel, from the face
Divine, beatitude and wisdom draw:
And in his prayer, what privilege adored!—

Mounting the heavens and claiming audience there:
Yes! there, amid a high immortal host
Of seraphs hymning in eternal choir,
A lip of clay its orisons can send,
In temple or in solitude outbreathed.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

Go, child of darkness! see a Christian die!
No horror pales his lip, or dims his eye;
No fiend-shaped phantoms of destruction start
The hope religion pillows on his heart,
When with a faltering hand he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true;
Meek, as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns fondly, longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away.

DIVINE PERFECTION OF CHRIST.

Oh! who shall paint Him?—let the sweetest tone
That ever trembled on the harps of heaven,
Be discord; let the chanting seraphim,
Whose anthem is eternity, be dumb;
For praise and wonder, adoration,—all
Melt into muteness, ere they soar to Thee,
Thou sole Perfection!—Theme of countless worlds!

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Oh! beautiful beyond depicting words
To paint the hour that wafts a soul to heaven!
The world grows dim, the scenes of time depart,
The hour of peace, the walk of social joy,
The mild companion, and the deep-souled friend,
The loved and lovely—see his face no more.
The mingling spell of sun, of sea and air,
Is broken; voice and gaze, and smiles that speak,
Must perish; parents take their hushed adieu;
A wife, a child, a daughter half divine,
Or son that never drew a father's tear,—
Approach him, and his dying tones receive.
Like God's own language! 'tis an hour of awe,
Yet terrorless, when revelations flow
From faith immortal; view that pale-worn brow,
It gleams with glory!—in his eyes there dawns
A dazzling earnest of unuttered joy.
Each pang subdued, his longing soul respires
The gales of glorified eternity;
And round him, hues ethereal, harps of light,
And lineaments of earthless beauty, throng,
As, winged on melody, the saint departs,
While heaven in miniature before him shines.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Amid the pompous crowd
Of rich adorers, came a humble form;
A widow, meek as poverty doth make
Her children! with a look of sad content,
Her mite within the treasure-heap she cast:
Then, timidly as bashful twilight, stole
From out the temple. But her lowly gift

Was witnessed by an eye, whose mercy views,
In motive, all that consecrates a deed
To goodness:—so He blessed the Widow's Mite
Beyond the gifts abounding wealth bestowed.—
Thus is it, Lord! with Thee: the heart is thine,
And all the world of hidden action there
Works in thy sight, like waves beneath the sun,
Conspicuous! and a thousand nameless acts
That lurk in lovely secresy, and die
Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers which fall
Beneath a proud man's foot,—to Thee are known,
And written with a sunbeam in the Book
Of Life, where Mercy fills the brightest page!

VANITY OF HUMAN PRIDE.

PRIDE blasted Eden, and the world has bowed
Beneath her sceptre, which to break in dust
The God incarnate every meekness wore!
Yet what are we, that our Titanic dreams
Assault the skies with their incessant aim?
Oh! could we read Creation's book aright,
Our nothingness on each vast page would shine
Convicted!—atoms mock our deepest ken;
The winds, invisible as angel-wings,
Attend our path, and tell not whence they come;
The dust derides us!—from the floating orbs
Of night's dim world, an overwhelming ray
Of mystery pierces the distracted mind;
And ocean laugheth with resounding scorn,
When monarchs dare him, and their fleets, like foam,
From wave to wave are darted!—Gaze within,
And what is there? A tempest in repose
Of passions wild, dark energies and powers
That storm and madden at a demon's call!

TIME.

THE VAST IMPORTANCE OF ITS BRIEFEST PORTION.

A MOMENT is a mighty thing,
Beyond the soul's imagining;
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied lot;
How much of life, life cannot see,
Darts onward to eternity!
While vacant hours of beauty roll
Their magic o'er some yielded soul,
Ah! little do the happy guess
The sum of human wretchedness;
Or dream, amid the soft farewell
That time of them is taking,
How frequent moans the funeral knell,
What noble hearts are breaking,
While myriads to their tomb descend
Without a mourner, creed, or friend!

TRIUMPH OF THE SOUL OVER DEATH.

How greatly does the hand of time unloose
The many links that chained us to the world!
The passions which inspirit youthful hearts,
And spread a lustre o'er the brow of life,
And bid the hopes of young ambition bound,
Decay and cool, as further down the vale
Of twilight years we wend, till all-resigned,
The time-worn spirit ponders o'er the tomb
With elevating sadness, and the night
Of death is lit by those immortal stars,
Which revelation sphered in heaven.

* * * * * * * * *

How pure
The grace, the gentleness, of virtuous age!
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely dead
To passion, and the wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalive to tenderness and truth,—
The good old man is honoured and revered,
And breathes upon the young-limbed race around
A gray and venerable charm of years.

Nor,—glory to the Power that tunes the heart
To sympathy with time!—is all decayed;
The verdure shining o'er the path of youth,
To him who loves the bloom of days no more.
A meditative walk by wood or mead,
The lull of streams, and language of the stars
Heard in the heart alone,—the bosom-life
Of all that beautified or graced his youth,
Is yet enjoyed; and with that bliss are found
The feelings flowing from a better world.

Then, melt, ye horrors! which the grave begets,
And turn to glory, by the spell of faith
Transformed, for Christ hath overcome the tomb.—
What, though 'tis awful, when the pulse of life
Is bounding, and the blood seems liquid joy,
To look corruption in its ghastly face,
The mind is man! no sepulchre for souls
Can dust and darkness frame; like God, apart,
To calm eternity they act and think:
The shroud, the hearse, the life-alarming knell,
The grave's cold silence, and the visioned friends,
Whose dreams will hover round our chill decay,
Do haunt our living dust, and give to Death
A sting that dwells not in his own dark power.
We die in body, but we live in soul,
When flesh and spirits sunder;—then our chains
Are riven, and celestial freedom dawns!—
The fettered eagle, whom a narrow cage
Imprisoned, where so oft his haughty wings

In wild unrest, have beat its hated walls
With blood-stained plumage, while his eye-balls glared
Proudly along the blue and boundless sky
Above him,—free and fetterless at last,
On plumes of ecstasy can soar away,
And mount, and mingle with the heaven he loves!

THOMAS GRINFIELD,

HAS published a poem, entitled *The Attributes of Deity*, also *A Century of Original Sacred Songs*, and some prose works on religious subjects.

MAN BORN ANEW.

WHEN man to god-like being sprung,
How sweet the glorious gift he found!
While heaven with notes of gladness rung,
See Eden's beauty smiles around:
Where'er the stranger bends his view,
'Tis wondrous all, divinely new.

By hands unseen the virgin soil
Is with unlaboured plenty crowned;
But soon must Adam bow to toil,
And dress the late spontaneous ground;
For, oh! too soon the thorn appears—
Too soon he blends his bread with tears!

E'en thus when man is born anew,
And being's perfect bliss is given—
Lo, a new Eden starts to view,
While angel harps rejoice in heaven—
'Tis wondrous all, divinely bright,
And the new creature walks in light.

Then, too, the heart's unlaboured soil
Is with mysterious plenty crowned;
But soon he finds 'tis meet to toil,
And dress with tears the wayward ground:
For, oh! too soon the thorn appears,
And heaven's own bread is mixed with tears!

Yet onward is no scene displayed
Whose bright beginnings ne'er decay?
Must still the prospect ope to fade,
Still clouds o'ercast the new-born day?
No: see the last creation burst—
All clouds, all changes there dispersed!

No thorns that Paradise infest—
No bitter tears its harvest leaven—
No toils disturb its hallowed rest;
Unlaboured plenty lasts in heaven:
Then, oh! let Faith, let Patience, here,
With Hope unmurmuring persevere.

THE DAY OF REST.

RETURN, thou wished and welcome guest,
Thou day of holiness and rest;
The best, the dearest of the seven,
Emblem and harbinger of heaven!
Though not the Bridegroom, at his voice,
Friend of the Bridegroom, still rejoice.
Day, doubly sanctified and blessed,
Thee the CREATOR crowned with rest;
From all his works, from all his woes,
On thee the SAVIOUR found repose.
Thou dost, with mystic voice, rehearse
The birth-day of an universe:
Prophet, historian, both, in scope
Thou speak'st to memory and to hope.

Amidst the earthliness of life,
Vexation, vanity, and strife,
Sabbath! how sweet thy holy calm
Comes o'er the soul, like healing balm;
Comes like the dew to fainting flowers,
Renewing her enfeebled powers.
Thine hours, how soothingly they glide,
Thy morn, thy noon, thine eventide!
All meet as brethren, mix as friends;
Nature her general groan suspends;
No cares the sin-born labourers tire;
E'en the poor brutes thou bid'st respire:
'Tis almost as, restored awhile,
Earth had resumed her Eden smile.
I love thy call of earthly bells,
As on my waking ear it swells;
I love to see thy pious train
Seeking in groups the solemn fane:
But most I love to mingle there
In sympathy of praise and prayer,
And listen to that living word,
Which breathes the spirit of the Lord:
Or at the mystic table placed,
Those eloquent mementos taste
Of Thee, Thou suffering Lamb Divine,
Thy soul-refreshing bread and wine;
Sweet viands given us to assuage
The faintness of the pilgrimage.
Severed from Salem, while unstrung
His harp on Pagan willows hung,
What wonder if the Psalmist pined,
As for her brooks the hunted hind!—
The temple's humblest place should win
Gladlier than all the pomp of sin;—
Envied th' unconscious birds that sung
Around those altars, o'er their young;
And deemed one heavenly Sabbath worth
More than a thousand days of earth;

Well might his harp and heart rejoice
To hear, once more, that festal voice:
"Come, brethren, come with glad accord,
Haste to the dwelling of the Lord."
But if on earth so calm, so blest,
The house of prayer, the day of rest;
If to the spirit when it faints,
So sweet the assembly of the saints;—
There let us pitch our tents (we say),
For, Lord, with Thee 'tis good to stay!
Yet from the mount we soon descend,
Too soon our earthly Sabbaths end;
Cares of a work-day will return,
And faint our hearts, and fitful, burn;
Oh! think, my soul! beyond compare,
Think what a Sabbath must be there,
Where all is holy bliss, that knows
Nor imperfection, nor a close;
Where that innumerable throng
Of saints and angels mingle song;
Where, wrought with hands, no temples rise,
For God Himself their place supplies;
Nor priests are needed in th' abode
Where the whole hosts are priests to God.
Think what a Sabbath *there* shall be,
The Sabbath of Eternity!

BISHOP MANT.

DR. RICHARD MANT, one of the editors of a most valuable edition of the Holy Bible, is a living writer of great eminence. After filling for a time the office of Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he became rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and in 1820 was appointed to the see of Killaloe, whence he was translated in 1823 to Down and Connor.

Beside an esteemed treatise on *The Happiness of the Blessed*, some volumes of *Sermons*, and a valuable *History of the Church of Ireland*, Bishop Mant has published numerous small poems on sacred subjects which have a high degree of merit.

HAPPINESS OF CONTEMPLATING NATURE.

BLEST, who can soften care, or find
Employment for the vacant mind,
In nature's scenes! Thrice blest is he,
Who forward casts his eyes to see,
In all that through the waters move,
In earth beneath and heaven above,
The sovereign Power, who nature made,
The Author in his works displayed:
And, as before the temple shrine
In vision came the voice divine
To youthful Samuel's nightly ear;
Hears, rapt in thought, or seems to hear,
Though void of language and of speech,
God's voice from all creation preach!

Then does the faithful duteous heart
Take up the listening Samuel's part,
Full fain to hear his Maker speak;
And with submissive spirit meek

Pursues the future prophet's strain,
Invokes the warning voice again,
Owns the blest sign, howe'er conferred,
And welcomes thus the heavenly word.

"Speak, for thy servant heareth, Lord!"—How varied are the ways,
Whereby thy wisdom, O my God, the truth to man conveys.
'Tis thine to make thy will be known by many a speaking sign:
Thy will, howe'er revealed, to heed with answering heart be mine!

Thou speakest in creation's works! Where'er I gaze abroad,
In nature's miracles I hear the voice of nature's God:
I hear thy voice of bounteousness breathed in the silent shower,
And in the awful thunder storm I hear thy voice of power.

Thou speakest in this chequered scene of human joys and woes,
Where restlessness is twin to guilt, to holiness repose:
And oft though clouds of mystery perplex my feeble sight,
I hear Thee say that Thou art good, and all will yet be bright.

Thou speakest in thy book! With words man's eloquence above,
I hear Thee of affection tell, surpassing woman's love:
Of sinners from destruction saved, of blood in ransom given,
Of faith by charity matured, and hope that rests in heaven.

Thou speakest in the secret heart! 'Mid vice and folly's din
The whisper of the still small voice I hear my breast within.
And when my feet would turn aside, I hear my guardian say,
Right onward for the narrow gate, right onward hold the way.

"Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth Thee!"—Nor sound I crave, nor sight,
Which rapt thy chosen seers of old in visions of the night.
But to my watchful eye be still thy works, thy word, displayed,
With thy vicegerent in my breast, informed by Thee, to aid:

And when by conscience' inward voice Thou wouldest, Lord, be heard,
Or by thy works of providence, or by thy living word:
From earth's obstructions purify my not-unwilling ear,
And grant that what Thou speakest thus, thy servant's soul may hear!

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

Oh! come it first, or come it last,
The shadow o'er my passage cast,
Grant it may find me on my guard,
And at thy will, O God, prepared
To welcome the approaching gloom,
The deep dark stillness of the tomb!
'Tis but a transitory night:
The sun shall rise, and all be light!
Sweet thought, and of sweet solace full,
And apt the swelling grief to lull
Of those, beside a parting friend
Constrained in bitterness to bend;
The form, so cherished once and dear,
To follow on his funeral bier;
And see the grave above it close,
The last "long home" of man's repose.

It has been said, and I believe,
Though tears of natural sorrow start,
'Tis mixed with pleasure when we grieve
For those the dearest to the heart,
From whom long-lived at length we part;
As by a Christian's feelings led
We lay them in their peaceful bed.

Yet speak I not of those who go
The allotted pilgrimage on earth,
With earth-born passions grovelling low,
Enslaved to honour, avarice, mirth,
Unconscious of a nobler birth:
But such as tread with loftier scope
The Christian's path with Christian hope.

We grieve to think, that they again
Shall ne'er in this world's pleasure share:
But sweet the thought, that this world's pain
No more is theirs; that this world's care
It is no more their lot to bear.
And surely in this scene below
The joy is balanced by the woe!

We grieve to see the lifeless form,
The livid cheek, the sunken eye:
But sweet to think, corruption's worm
The living spirit can defy,
And claim its kindred with the sky.
Lo! where the earthen vessel lies!
Aloft the unbodied tenant flies.

We grieve to think, our eyes no more
That form, those features loved, shall trace:
But sweet it is from memory's store
To call each fondly-cherished grace,
And fold them in the heart's embrace.
No bliss 'mid worldly crowds is bred,
Like musing on the sainted dead!

We grieve to see expired the race
They ran, intent on works of love:
But sweet to think, no mixture base,
Which with their better nature strove,
Shall mar their virtuous deeds above.
Sin o'er their soul has lost his hold,
And left them with their earthly mould!

We grieve to know, that we must roam
Apart from them each wonted spot:
But sweet to think, that they a home
Have gained, a fair and goodly lot,
Enduring, and that changeth not.
And who that home of freedom there
Will with this prison-house compare?

'Tis grief to feel, that we behind,
Severed from those we love, remain:
'Tis joy to hope, that we shall find,
Exempt from sorrow, fear, and pain,
With them our dwelling-place again.
'Tis but like them to sink to rest,
With them to waken and be blest

O Thou, who formest thy creature's mind
With thoughts that chasten and that cheer,
Grant me to fill my space assigned
For sojourning a stranger here
With holy hope and filial fear:
Fear to be banished far from Thee,
And hope thy face unveiled to see!

There before Thee, the Great, the Good,
By angel myriads compassed round,
"Made perfect" by the Saviour's blood,
With virtue clothed, with honour crowned,
"The spirits of the just" are found:
There tears no more of sorrow start,
Pain flies the unmolested heart,
And life in bliss unites whom death no more shall part.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT is *true knowledge?*—Is it with keen eye
Of lucre's sons to thread the mazy way?
Is it of civic rights, and royal sway,
And wealth political, the depths to try?
Is it to delve the earth, or soar the sky;
To marshal nature's tribes in just array;
To mix, and analyse, and mete, and weigh
Her elements, and all her powers descry?

These things, who will may know them, if to know
Breed not vain-glory: but o'er all to scan
God, in his works and word shewn forth below;
Creation's wonders; and Redemption's plan;
Whence came we; what to do; and whither go:
This is *true knowledge*, and "the whole of man."

THE LORD'S DAY.

HAIL to the day, which He, who made the heaven,
Earth, and their armies, sanctified and blest,
Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest!
Hail to the day, when He, by whom was given
New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,
Arose! That day his Church hath still confest,
At once Creation's and Redemption's feast,
Sign of a world called forth, a world forgiven.
Welcome that day, the day of holy peace,
The Lord's own day! to man's Creator owed,
And man's Redeemer; for the soul's increase
In sanctity, and sweet repose bestowed;
Type of the rest when sin and care shall cease,
The rest remaining for the loved of God!

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

IT is the Sabbath bell, which calls to prayer,
Even to the House of God, the hallowed dome,
Where He who claims it bids his people come
To bow before his throne, and serve Him there
With prayers, and thanks, and praises. Some there are
Who hold it meet to linger now at home,
And some o'er fields and the wide hills to roam,
And worship in the temple of the air!

For me, not heedless of the lone address,
Nor slack to greet my Maker on the height,
By wood, or living stream; yet not the less
Seek I his presence in each social rite
Of his own temple: *that* He deigns to bless,
There still He dwells, and *there* is his delight.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

DEAR is the ancient village church, which rears
By the lone yew, on lime or elm-girt mound,
Its modest fabric: dear, 'mid pleasant sound
Of bells, the gray embattled tower, that wears,
Of changeful hue, the marks of by-gone years;
Buttress, and porch, and arch with mazy round
Of curious fret or shapes fantastic crowned;
Tall pinnacles, and mingled window-tiers,
Norman, or misnamed Gothic. Fairer spot
Thou givest not, England, to the tasteful eye,
Nor to the heart more soothing. Blest their lot,
Knew they their bliss, who own, their dwelling nigh,
Such resting-place; there, by the world forgot,
In life to worship, and, when dead, to lie!

THE CHURCH BELLS.

WHAT varying sounds from yon grey pinnacles
Sweep o'er the ear, and claim the heart's reply!
Now the blithe peal of home festivity,
Natal or nuptial, in full concert swells:
Now the brisk chime, or voice of altered bells,
Speaks the due hour of social worship nigh:
And now the last stage of mortality
The deep dull toll with lingering warning tells.

How much of human life those sounds comprise;
Birth, wedded love, God's service, and the tomb!
Heard not in vain, if thence kind feelings rise,
Such as befit our being, free from gloom
Monastic,—prayer that communes with the skies,
And musings mindful of the final doom.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

THERE is a joy, which angels well may prize:
To see, and hear, and aid God's worship, when
Unnumbered tongues, a host of Christian men,
Youths, matrons, maidens, join. Their sounds arise,
"Like many waters;" now glad symphonies
Of thanks and glory to our God; and then,
Seal of the social prayer, the loud Amen,
Faith's common pledge, contrition's mingled cries.
Thus, when the Church of Christ was hale and young,
She called on God, one spirit and one voice;
Thus from corruption cleansed, with health new strung,
Her sons she nurtured. Oh! be theirs, by choice,
What duty bids, to worship, heart and tongue;
At once to pray, at once in God rejoice!

THE DROP OF WATER.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

"How mean 'mid all this glorious space, how valueless am I!"
A little drop of water said, as, trembling in the sky,
It downward fell, in haste to meet the interminable sea,
As if the watery mass its goal and sepulchre should be.

But ere of no account within the watery mass it fell,
It found a shelter and a home, the oyster's concave shell;
And there that little drop became a hard and precious gem,
Meet ornament for royal wreath, for Persia's diadem.

Cheer up, faint heart, that hearest the tale, and though thy lot may seem
Contemptible, yet not of it as nothing-worth esteem;
Nor fear that thou exempt from care of Providence shalt be,
An undistinguishable drop in nature's boundless sea:

The Power that called thee into life has skill to make thee live,
A place of refuge can provide, another being give;
Can clothe thy perishable form with beauty rich and rare,
And "when He makes his jewels up," grant thee a station there

PRAYER.

ERE the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away;
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eyes in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and voice in prayer
Be your *first* and *latest* care.

He, to whom the prayer is due,
From heaven his throne shall smile on you;
Angels sent by Him shall tend,
Your daily labour to befriend,
And their nightly vigils keep
To guard you in the hour of sleep.

When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the Sabbath-bells,
Duly tread the sacred road
Which leads you to the house of God;
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
And "God is in the midst of her."

And oh! where'er your days be past,
And oh! howe'er your lot be cast,
Still think on Him whose eye surveys,
Whose hand is over all your ways.

Abroad, at home, in weal, in woe,
That service which to Heaven you owe
That bounden service duly pay,
And God shall be your strength alway.

He only to the heart can give
Peace and true pleasure while you live;
He only, when you yield your breath,
Can guide you through the vale of death.

He can, He will, from out the dust
Raise the blest spirits of the just;
Heal every wound, hush every fear;
From every eye wipe every tear;
And place them where distress is o'er,
And pleasures dwell for evermore.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

Impress upon my wandering heart
The love that Christ to sinners bore;
Then, mourn the wounds my sins produced,
And my redeeming God adore.

A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

CHRISTIANITY AND FALSE PHILOSOPHY CONTRASTED.

WHEN man by native wisdom taught,
Deems this vain world a thing of nought,
And all its pleasure, pomp, and power
The fleeting visions of an hour,
With scorn he sees the giddy crowd
Or madly weep, or laugh aloud,
In secret anguish doomed to drain
His cup of pleasure or of pain.

For him the day no joyance brings:
It doth but gild Time's hastening wings,
And as in mockery bestow
Its splendour on a world of woe:
For him the night oblivion woos
In vain, since Death her form pursues:
The image of his last repose
Appals him ere his eye-lids close.

To man a foe, he treads awhile
His lonely path, by heavenly smile
Uncheered; self-sated then he flies
To nature's genial sympathies:
Borne by the fury of his mind,
Where rolls the wave or wafts the wind,
Like wandering spirit of the air,
He seeks the converse of despair.

Ah! whither, captive, dost thou roam?
Has life no haven, man no home?
And dost thou think thy torturer fell,
Who dooms thee to his native hell,
And still thy faltering steps doth urge,
O'er howling waste and foaming surge,
Shall lead thee to some still retreat,
For seraphs' high communion meet?

And wilt thou woo thine in-born guest,
And nurse the vulture of thy breast,—
With stupor fierce or joy accurst
Cling to the chains thou canst not burst,
Or fainting sue with penance vain
The phantom-idols of thy brain?
E'en now beneath thee yawns the grave,—
They fly,—those gods who cannot save.

Yet, hark! amid the thunder's sound,
That rolls athwart the gulf profound,
A still small voice that whispers peace,
That bids thy toil, thy warfare cease;

That tells thee of a beacon-light
That mocks the day, dispels the night,—
That light within thy bosom glows,
From thence the living lustre flows.

And oh! how changed those scenes of late
To thy dim eyes so desolate:
How bright those eyes once wrapt in gloom,
How fair those vales' renascent bloom;
Those transient forms that mocked the view,
When clad in folly's tinsel hue,
In new and borrowed splendour shine,—
"The hand that made them is Divine."

All nature feels the sweet control,
In festal pomp the seasons roll,
The star of morning smiles serene,
And day with rapture crowns the scene;
The eve more calm delight inspires,
Night wakes devotion's holier fires;
The soul responsive hears their voice,
And joyous bids the world rejoice.

The lamp of heaven shall never die,
For hands unseen its light supply:
The passing suns may shade its beam,
But cannot quench the living stream;
The clouds and midnight damps obscure,
It glows yet more intensely pure,
And shall its shattered rays renew,
Though winds assail, or storms subdue.

And when in browner twilight fade
Life's waning gleams and lengthening shade,
And Death, enrobed in pall of night,
Tears the faint landscape from thy sight,
The star that ruled thy morning's prime
Shall cheer the eve of parting Time,
In glory deepening gloom array,
Nor set, but in immortal day.

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf!
A voice in every rill!
A voice that speaketh every where,
In flood and fire, through earth and air;
A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
Time and Eternity

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder-cloud;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are raging loud.

I feel Him in the silent dews,
By grateful earth betrayed;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

I see Him, hear Him, every where,
In all things—darkness, light;
Silence, and sound; but most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
I' the silent hour of night.

THE BODY AND THE SOUL.

WHAT is this body? fragile, frail,
As vegetation's tenderest leaf;—
Transient as April's fitful gale,
And as the flashing meteor brief.

What is this soul? eternal mind,
Unlimited as thought's vast range,
By grovelling matter unconfined;
The same, while states and empires change.

When long this miserable frame
Has vanished from life's busy scene,
This earth shall roll, that sun shall flame,
As though this dust had never been.

When suns have waned, and worlds sublime
Their final revolutions told,
This soul shall triumph over time,
As though such orbs had never rolled.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

For Thee, for Thee, my lyre I string,
Who, by ten thousand worlds attended,
Holdest thy course sublime and splendid
Through heaven's immeasurable ring;
I tremble 'neath thy blazing throne,
Thy light eternal built upon,—
Thy throne, as Thou, all radiant, bearing
Love's day-beams of benignity!
Yet terrible is thine appearing
To them who fear not Thee.

Oh! what is mortal man, that he
May hear thy heavenly temple ringing,
With songs that heaven's own choirs are singing,
And echo back the melody?
My soul is wandering from its place;
Mine eyes are lost amidst the space
Where thousand suns are rolled through heaven,—
Suns waked by Thee from chaos' sleep;
But with the thought my soul is driven
Down to a trackless deep.

There was a moment ere thy plan
Poured out time's stream of mortal glory;
Ere thy high wisdom tracked the story
Of all the years since time began,
Bringing sweet peace from sorrows mine,
And making misery discipline;
The bitter waters of affliction
Distilling into dews of peace,
And kindling heavenly benediction
From earth's severe distress.

Then did thine Omnipresent eye,
Earth's million million wonders seeing,
Track through the misty maze of being
E'en my obscurest destiny.
I, in those marvellous plans, though yet
Unborn, had mine own portion set,
And Thou hadst marked my path, though lowly;
E'en to my meanness Thou didst give
Thy spirit—Thou—so high—so holy
And I, thy creature, live.

So, through this trembling ball of clay,
Thou to and fro dost kindly lead me;
Midst life's vicissitudes I speed me,
And quiet peace attends my way.
And, oh! what bliss it is to be,
Though but an atom, formed by Thee;
By Thee, who, in thy mercy, pourest
Rivers of grace, to whom, indeed,
The eternal oak-trees of the forest
Are as the mustard seed.

Up, then, my spirit! soar above
This vale where mists of darkness gather,
Up to the high eternal Father,
For thou wert fashioned by his love.

Up to the heavens! away! away!
No! bend thee down to dust and clay;
Heaven's dazzling light will blind and burn thee.
Thou canst not bear the awful blaze.
No! wouldest thou find the Godhead, turn thee
On nature's face to gaze.

There, in its every feature, thou
Mayest read the Almighty: every feature
That's spread upon the face of nature
Is brightened with His holy glow;
The rushing of the waterfall,
The deep green valley,—silent all;
The waving grain, the roaring ocean,
The woodland's wandering melody,
All—all that wakes the soul's emotion,
Creator! speaks of Thee.

But of thy works through sea and land,
Or the wide fields of ether wending,
In man thy noblest thoughts are blending;
Man is the glory of thy hand!
Man, modelled in a form of grace,
Where every beauty has its place;
A gentleness and glory sharing
His spirit, where we may behold
A higher aim, a noble daring,—
'Tis thine immortal mould.

O wisdom! O unbounded might!
I lose me in the light elysian;
Mine eye is dark, and dimmed my vision:
Who am I in this gloomy night?
Eternal Being! let the ray
Of thy high wisdom, bear away
My thoughts to thine abode sublimest;
But how shall grovelling passions rise
To the proud temple where Thou climbest,
The threshold of the skies?

Enough, if I a stammering hymn,
My God! to Thee, may sing, unworthy
Of those sweet strains poured out before Thee
By heavenly hosts of Cherubim.
Despise me not,—one spark confer,
Worthy of thy own worshipper;
And better songs, and worthier praises,
Shall hallow Thee, when, midst the strain
Of saints, my voice its chorus raises,
Never to sink again.

THE PASSING BELL.

HARK! 'tis the bell, with solemn toll,
That speaks the spirit's flight
From earth to realms of endless day,
Or everlasting night!

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
Sin's awful curse demands;
Oh well! if, pure before the throne,
The soul accepted stands.

Oh well! for if uncleansed from guilt,
Through Christ's atoning blood,
With what dismay she now beholds
The presence of her God!

To live through an eternal death,
Eternal woe to bear!
Father of mercy! God of grace!
Inspire and hear our prayer!

From sin, the sting of death and hell,
From enmity to Thee,
Extend thine own Almighty arm,
To set the bond-slaves free!

So when the bell, with solemn toll,
Shall speak *our* spirits' flight,
Angels their glad approach shall hail
To realms of bliss in light.

'THIS MORTAL MUST PUT ON IMMORTALITY, AND WE SHALL BE EVER WITH THE LORD."

WAY-WORN pilgrim, child of fears,
Cease thy sorrows, dry thy tears
Earth has pierced thee;—reft, alone,
Urge to heaven that bitter moan.
Pilgrim, wanderer, though thou be
Heaven shall soothe thy agony;
Soon that pulse shall throb no more;
But heaven has life, when life is o'er;
Soon thou shalt thy Saviour see
Soon shalt with that Saviour be,
For this mortal shall be free,
Clothed with immortality.

List, ye weary; list, ye faint,
List the martyr and the saint;
List the young, whose panting soul
Ardent eyes the distant goal;
List the eld, whose setting sun
Speaks that goal already won;
Ye who tremble, ye who sigh,
Ye who, living, daily die,
Please to tread, to meet your God,
The path of thorns your Saviour trod;
List from heaven that Saviour's voice
That bids you midst your tears rejoice,
That tells of worlds to earth unknown
And calls those blissful worlds your own.

Yes, ye shall your Saviour see;
Soon shall with that Saviour be,
Where this mortal shall be free,
Clothed with immortality.

Sinner, list! the bolt is hurled!
Opes the bright celestial world:
Ope the caves of night forlorn,
The abodes of bitterness and scorn!
Rocks are falling, worlds decay,
Heaven and earth have passed away!
Thou the Saviour too must see,
Saviour not, alas! to thee:
Mortal gladly wouldst thou be,
Death thy immortality!

'THE DAYS OF THY MOURNING SHALL BE ENDED.'

Oh! weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away;—
For hopes that like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;

For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
And, though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bowers of heaven!

Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;

For though thy pleasures may depart,
And darksome days be given;
And lonely though on earth thou art
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.

SUDDEN DEATH.

The remarkable circumstance this Poem records happened while a party of friends were debating which might be the most happy death.

WHICH is the happiest death to die?
"Oh!" said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit ere I fly
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death without pain,
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain.

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps that ring above,
And sing it as my parting breath
Quivered and expired in death;
So that those on earth may hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly light arise."

"No," said another, "so not I;
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
I would suddenly throw my shackles by,
Nor bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking;
So would I die!
All bliss without a pang to cloud it!
All joy without a pain to shroud it!
Not slain, but caught up as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air!
So would I die!

Oh! how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!
Even so,
I long to go,—
These parting hours how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fixed was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
The hue of his cheeks and lips decayed,
Around his mouth a sweet smile played,
They looked—he was dead!
His spirit had fled
Painless and swift as his own desire;
The soul undrest,
From her mortal vest,
Had stepped in her car of heavenly fire,
And proved how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight.

THE DOVE OF NOAH.

WHITHER, oh! whither, Dove?
On lonely pinion through the trackless air
Through sunlit skies above,
Dost thou in joyous flight alone repair?

Where is the summer strand
That waits thy coming, with its leafy bowers,
Where is the fragrant land
Of golden sunshine and of smiling flowers?

Where is the happy grove,
The long loved home, the nestlings of thy breast—
Speed on thy flight, thou dove!
Haste on the journey to the promised rest.

Onward, yet onward roam;
Spread thy snow plumage to the warming sky;
Soon may the voice of home
Greet the long wanderer with a welcome cry.

But vain, oh! vain that thought;
Is it where ruin's blighting footsteps fall,
Where death and doom were wrought,
That *thou* canst seek thy home, thy mate, thine all?

Is it where soundless waves
Dash o'er the glories of a world gone by?
Is it where ocean laves
Man's pride—his pomp—and all his misery?

How, 'midst these marks of wo,
Bird of the peaceful bosom, canst thou flee?
Fearest thou no dangerous foe,
Can *none* bring aught of terror here to thee?

"My message fears no ill;
Behold, the peace-branch gives assurance strong,
With joy my breast to fill,
Of safety—rest; then *who* can do me wrong?

"The tempest hath gone down,
The sin-brought ruin hath fulfilled its hour.
Darkness and wo are flown;
And ocean's fury hath restored her power.

"And hear, yet hear my voice,
Peace hath been purchased; lo! the waves decrease·
Look forth—believe—rejoice:
Hear my last whispers; welcome! welcome PEACE!"

Had I thy wings thou dove!
Glad one! with peaceful happy promise blest;
Soon would I flee above,
And like thee seek to be at home—at rest.

TO THE FLOWER FORGET-ME-NOT.

"I muse on the works of thy hands."—PSALM CXLIII. 5

THOU sweet little flower with the bright blue eye,
That peepest from the bank so modestly,
Thou art come from a source invisible,
And thou hast some important words to tell.

Thou art come like the "still small voice" of HIM
Who whispers his truth in the evening dim;
Who shines in the stars in the azure sky,
And gems the dark world with piety.

Thou art come as a *warning* to wandering souls,
Who are careless of time, as it swiftly rolls,
And forgetful of God, who upholds their lot,
But who whispers in thee—Forget Me not.

Thou art come as a *gift* from a *Friend sincere*,
Whose dwelling is fixed in the heavenly sphere,
But whose Spirit is with us in every spot,
And the voice of whose *works* is—Forget Me not.

Thou art come to repeat an *assurance* of *love*
From that changeless Friend in the mansions above:
To the soul that loves Christ in sincerity
His goodness declares—*I will not forget thee.*

TRUTH.

UPON this wonderful and glorious ALL
I look; and see, there's nought destroyed, or lost,
Though all things change. The rain-drops gently fall,
But die not where they fall. Some part doth post
Swiftly away on wings of air, to accost
The summer clouds, and ask to sail the deep
With them, as vapoury travellers, or frost.
Some part anon into the ground doth creep,

And maketh the sweet herbs and flowers to grow,
Or oozeth softly through the dark, deep earth,
Teaching the streamlet under ground to flow,
Till forth it breaks with a glad sunshine birth—
Ripples a dancing brook—then flows a river—
Then mingles with the sea, the air, circling for ever.

Even so I looked on the vast realm of truth,
And saw it filled with spirit, life, and power;
Nought TRUE did ever die. Immortal youth
Filled with balmy odours; from the hour
It first dropped gently from its upper shower
On high, swiftly it flew away, or sank.
Awhile amid the darkness that doth lower
Below, it seemed to struggle. But earth drank
The drop. From heart to wakening heart it sped—
From sire to son—from age to age it ran;
It swelled the stream of truth. It is not dead,
But flowing, filleth every want of man.
It NEVER dieth—nor *can* ever die,
Circling from God to God, through all eternity!

Yea, Truth, immortal as its primal source,
Once uttered, once set free, shall never rest.
O Father! hath it such undying force
When unrevealed, and left without attest
Of miracle from Thee, and unconfessed
By man; and shall not thine own WORD go forth,
In all its fulness, through these times unblest,
Till it shall reach all corners of the earth?
If one small trembling drop is ne'er destroyed,
But runneth, a bright messenger from Thee,
Shall thy own living streams "return back void,"
And not fulfil their saving ministry?
Oh, no! Even now I see them spreading wide,
With life and beauty, on the pure, deep, swelling tide!

PRAYER.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is thrown beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain;—
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky!

THE DEITY.

BENEATH thy all-directing nod,
Both world and worms are equal, God!
Thy hand the comets' orbits drew,
And lightest yonder glow-worm too;
Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,
And form'dst yon snow-drop's silver cup.

O sacred Sorrow, by whom hearts are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
If thou art mine, (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker he has had his share?)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment.

THE RAINBOW.

HAIL! beauteous meteor of the thousand dyes,
Emblazoned, like a trophy, on the skies.
Heaven's richest hues inlay thy lightsome span,
Kindled to glory; for a sign to man.
Those vivid tints that through the welkin shine,
Proclaim thy matchless architect divine
Gemmed by the rain-drops, was the tissue spun
With golden threads irradiate of the sun,
Like stars enwreathed; whose myriad spangles throw
The prism's gay lustre to the world below.
Weft of mute music thou, whose pictured tones
Blend in accord, and melt in kindred zones.

Sweet solace ours, when lurid tempests frown,
To mark thy gradual braid th' horizon crown!
First, faint brief segments spring on either hand,
Whence lost abrupt, soon longer curves expand;
More massive, high upreared, the glowing form
In bolder contrast now bestrides the storm
Fain its bright column would our arms embrace,
Yet at each step a fleeting beam we chase;
And whilst we fear lest ere the whole be viewed,
The subtle vision may our sight elude,
Mercy, fleet herald from the realms above,
Buoyed in the ambient air of heavenly love,
With stedfast key-link binds the quivering arch,
Then speeds thereon to earth her volant march.

See! through the dark depths of th' unfathomed main
The mirrored brilliance softly gleams again;
Warning the surges that their ruthless might
No more shall revel on the mountain height,
Nor through the fertile fields and valleys rave,
Engulfing nature in the whirling wave.
No! for when 'neath Armenia's summits hoar
The shrunken waters lashed their slimy shore,
And found whene'er they strove beyond to roam,
The rising cliffs rebuke their baffled foam;—

When the glad fathers of man's rescued race,
Exulting on the lone ark's resting-place,
Had bent the knee, invoked the Almighty name,
Drawn votive blood, and fanned the sacred flame;—
When o'er fair nature burst that sunny smile,
More lovely for her glistening tears the while;—
Then from the heavens was heard an awful voice
That bade the favoured patriarch rejoice:
Well pleased the Deity had seen arise
Prayer mingling with the smoke of sacrifice!
And now the solemn covenant He swore,
That He would flood the new-born land no more;
Then rays from heaven with tears from earth He blent,
And wrote his promise on the firmament.

View it, vain man, whose dull unheeding soul
No cheering hopes, no startling fears control,
Nor the pale splendour of the moon absorbs,
Nor the deep rapture of the hymning orbs;
Whose sordid thought ne'er searched creation's laws,
For the vast goodness of th' Omniscient Cause,
Ne'er felt ecstatic joy when laughing May
Wreaths with young flowers the verdant brow of day,
Nor owned with transport chastened, awed, refined,
Might on the mountain, wonder in the wind:
Behold! and though thou deignest nought to bless,
Yet inly scan thy very nothingness.

Such thou hast shone, bright Rainbow! when the sky
Has clothed in clouds its blue serenity;
And such shalt shine; while grateful for the vow,
All nations of the earth to heaven shall bow,
Curbing the tempest on its thunder-path,
Chaining the boisterous billows in their wrath;
Majestic symbol of thy Maker's might!
Girdle of beauty! coronal of light!
God's own blest hand-mark, mystic, sure, sublime,
Graven in glory to the end of time!

Nor dost thou live for earth and time alone:
In Paradise, around th' eternal throne

Thine emerald lightnings play; thine every gem
Is treasured for the Conqueror's diadem.
When, with a shout that will earth's centre rend,
Christ with his saints and angels shall descend,
Careering kingly over sun and star,
The winds his coursers and a cloud his car:—
No watery deluge then earth's funeral pall,
But sulphurous flames enwrap the reeling ball.
Thus thy triumphal banner floats unfurled
Above the wrecks of this self-ruined world;
From cloud, from throne, from crown, betokening mild
Jehovah to lost sinners reconciled!

CALM, PEACE, AND LIGHT.

THERE is a Calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;
There is a Peace that dwells within the breast
When all without is stormy and distrest;
There is a Light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken, and when tempests lour.
That calm to faith, and hope, and love is given,
That peace remains when all beside is riven,
That light shines down to man direct from Heaven!

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

E'EN as the dew-drops and the genial rain
Enrich and fertilize the sterile plain;
Cause it the kindly fruits of earth to yield,
And with a plenteous harvest crown the field;

So does the Gospel pour into each heart
Its truths Divine, its influence impart:
Softens the stony hearts to hearts of flesh,
Meet to produce the fruits of righteousness.

Promote we then the knowledge of the Lord
And promulgate the Gospel truths abroad,
Till from the north to south, from east to west,
Jehovah's praise is sung, his name for ever blest.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

In doubt, in weariness, in woe,
The host of Israel flee;
Behind them rode the raging foe,
Before them was the sea.

The angry waters at their feet,
All dark and dread rolled on,
And where the sky and desert meet,
Spears flashed against the sun.

But still along the eastern sky
The fiery pillar shone,
And o'er the waves that rolled so high,
It bade them still come on.

Then Moses turned the sea toward,
And raised his hand on high;
The angry waters know their lord,
They know him, and they fly.

Where never gleamed the red sun-light,
Where foot of man ne'er trod;
Down, down they go, and left and right
The wall of waters stood.

Full soon along that vale of fear,
With cymbals, horns, and drums,
With many a steed and many a spear,
The maddening monarch comes.

A moment—far as eye could sweep,
The thronging myriads tread;
The next—the waste and silent deep,
Was rolling o'er their head!

HYMN FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

ANOTHER week has past away,
Another Sabbath now draws near;
Lord, with thy blessing crown the day
Which all thy children hold so dear!

Delivered from its weekly load,
How light the happy spirit springs,
And soars to thy divine abode,
With peace and freedom on its wings.

Now 'tis our privilege to find
A short release from all our care;
To leave the world's pursuits behind,
And breathe a more celestial air.

O Lord, those earthly thoughts destroy,
Which cling too fondly to our breast;
Through grace prepare us to enjoy
The coming hours of hallowed rest.

And when thy word shall set us free
From every burden that we bear,
Oh! may we rise to rest with Thee,
And hail a brighter Sabbath there.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM I.

How blest the upright man, whose feet
The sinner's wiles ne'er turned aside,
Who ne'er would share the scorner's seat,
Nor in the haunts of guilt abide!

The law of God his constant theme,
Through every waking hour of night;
His study, from the day's first beam
To the last ray of fading light.

He shall be like the tree, whose roots
Are by refreshing waters fed,
While, burdened with their timely fruits,
Around the bending branches spread.

He who with beauty clothes the tree,
His faithful servant, too, shall bless,
Shall keep his path from danger free,
And crown each effort with success.

Not such the hardened sinner's doom,—
As chaff before the sweeping wind
Shall he to his untimely tomb
Be swept—nor leave his trace behind;

When the last trump the dead shall wake,
Pale, shrinking from his Maker's face,
Shall hear the word that bids him take,
Far from the blest, his dismal place.

The God who hates the sinner's ways,
And blights them in his righteous wrath,
The pious man with love surveys,
And with rich blessings crowns his path.

THE ATHEIST.

THERE is no God,—the fool in secret said;
There is no God that rules on earth or sky;
Tear off the band that folds the wretched head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye.
Is there no God?—the stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God?—the silver stream that flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of God; throughout one voice agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah! see Him, fool, in these.

TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN HYMN, "DIES IRÆ."

O DAY of wrath! that dreadful day,
When earth in dust shall pass away!
When dread shall strike the sinner dumb,
When the Almighty Judge shall come,
Every hidden sin to sum!
When the wondrous trumpets' tone,
Ringing through each cavern lone,
Calls the dead before the Throne—
When cruel Death himself shall die,
And, freed from dark mortality,
The creature to his Judge reply:
What shall THEN that creature say?
What power shall be the sinner's stay,
When the just are in dismay?
Lord of all power and majesty,
Pure fountain of all piety,
Save us when we cry to thee!

O Thou, whose vengeance waits on sin,
Cleanse our souls from guilt within,
Ere the day of wrath begin!
With suppliant heart and bended knee,
Low stooping in the dust to Thee,
Lord! save us in extremity!
"That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay—
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

STAR of the east, whose beacon-light
A gleam on Bethlehem threw,
And thither by that wondrous sight
Arabia's sages drew;
On thee in thought we love to gaze
In western climes afar,
And think on thy mysterious rays,
Thou lovely eastern star!

Fair is the star of eve that sheds
Her light betokening rest;
And fair the morning star that leads
The day in glory drest:
But still more fair thy form arose,
And lovelier to behold,
Which of a more serene repose,
A brighter glory told.

Hail thou, whose silvery radiance led
Those Magian chiefs to bring
Their choicest gifts, in worship spread
Before Judæa's King:

That glorious Sun, whose harbinger
Thy light was made to shine,
And like the pillared flame to bear
Aloft salvation's sign!

Hail thou, appointed to adorn
The rising King of heaven,
The promised Child to Judah born,
The Son to Israel given:
In whom the peaceful empire sealed,
Should more and more increase;
In Him, the mighty God revealed,
In Him, the Prince of Peace!

So on thy beacon-light we gaze
In western climes afar,
And note thy heaven-directed rays,
Thou lovely eastern star:
With praise to Him, who in the sky
Thy wondrous cresset hung,
Prompt to inform the observing eye,
Apart from speech or tongue:

Him who permits to all to see
The light their stations need;
Who chose the star-versed sage by thee,
Star of the east, to lead;
Who made by shepherd swains at night
The angel's voice be heard;
And gives to us his Scriptures' light,
His own recording word.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

"The Church triumphant,"—animating word,
Waking the mind to visions of the skies,
Touching each string of the soul's harmonies,
Like to the trumpet John in Patmos heard,

"The Church triumphant." In its golden zone
What throng of glorious things assembled shine,
Bright, holy, pure, celestial, and divine,
Such as no thought hath reached, nor heart hath known!

A city where the sun makes not the day,
But God Himself, the everlasting light;
Where comes no even, nor the shades of night,
And where the golden hours pass not away.

Angels are there, and saints, and, happy thought!
Those whom we loved, and walked with heart to heart,
Still in communion, for death cannot part—
One bond encircles all—*the Blood that bought.*

Communion of the saints, in earth and heaven;
In this communion may we ever rest,
Till we shall be triumphant too, and blest
In a reunion never to be riven.

LOVE TO OUR ENEMIES.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the keen stroke bends.
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if betokening in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again.

This spirit not to earth is given;
One had it—but HE came from Heaven.
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made;
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for his murderers, and died.

"WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?"

THOU art my all—to Thee I flee;
Take me, oh, take me to thy keeping!
Make me thy vine, thy husbandry;
Be thine the seed-time, thine the reaping.

For what on earth but tells thy power?
And what but makes thy love its theme?—
I read it in the vernal shower,
It cheers me in the summer beam:

It glows while memory lingers yet
O'er hours a mother's love beguiled;
For, ah! a mother may forget,
But Thou wilt not forget thy child.

I had a friend—nor false his love;
But him on earth no more I see;
O thou unchanging Friend above,
What is an earthly friend to Thee?

Give me no bright behest of care,
No grovelling boon of envied sod,
No hopes that lead but to despair;—
Ease, honours, wealth, are not my God.

Nor aught in heaven; for, angels, say,
And saints escaped earth's guilt and sadness,
What makes your everlasting day?
What tunes your harps to joy and gladness?

Oh! there is nought in yon bright sky
Worthy this worthless heart to own;
On earth there's nought; friends, creatures, fly;
I pant, my God, for Thee alone.

A SUNDAY THOUGHT.

How calm the quiet, sweet the rest,
That breathes at such a time!
How dear to every pious breast
The church-bells' soothing chime!

A day of prayer, of holy thought,
And blessed peace it is;
And did we keep it as we ought,
A day of sacred bliss.

How welcome then of all the seven
This day would be allowed;
A foretaste of the joys of heaven,
A passport to our God.

MEMENTO MORI.

MILLIONS of feet entraversed here—
Where are their parted spirits?
Each in a dark or glorious sphere
Its own reward inherits:
Where they are fled we soon shall fly,
And join them in eternity.

The crowds who earth's arena tread,
Each busy in his station,
Are few compared with all the dead
Of every age and nation.
The world of life counts millions o'er,
That of the dead hath many more.

It is a solemn thought that we,
Life's little circle rounded,
Must launch upon that endless sea,
Which shore hath never bounded,—
A sea of happiness and love,
Or depths below, and clouds above.

A holy Judge—a righteous doom—
A bar where none dissemble—
A short quick passage to the tomb—
How should we stop and tremble!
Great God, as years pass swiftly by,
Write on each heart—Thou, thou must die

THE SABBATH BELL.

THE Sabbath bell! the Sabbath bell!
To toil-worn men a soothing sound;
Now labour rests beneath its spell,
And holy stillness reigns around:
The ploughman's team, the thresher's flail,
The woodman's axe, their clamours cease,
And only nature's notes prevail,
To humble bosoms echoing peace.

The Sabbath bell! the Sabbath bell!
How sweet on ears devout it falls,
While its sweet chime, with varying swell,
The rich and poor to worship calls.

Hark! hark! again with sharper peals
It chides the laggard's fond delay;
Now through the vale it softly steals,
To cheer the timely on their way.

The Sabbath bell! the Sabbath bell!
What soul-awakening sounds we hear
Its blessed invitations tell
Of welcome to the house of prayer.
"Come, sinner, come," it seems to cry;
"Oh! never doubt thy Maker's love;
Christ has thy ransom paid, then why
Delay his clemency to prove?"

The Sabbath bell! the Sabbath bell!
Oft have we heard its warning chime,
And yet we love the world too well,
Nor feel our waywardness a crime:
Yet still thy calls, sweet bell, repeat,
Till, ended all our mortal strife,
In hand-built shrines no more we meet,
But worship in the realms of life.

The Sabbath bell! the Sabbath bell!
Its friendly summons peals no more;
The thronging crowds pour in with zeal
The Great Jehovah to adore.
Hence! fancy wild, hence! earth-born care;
With awe let hallowed courts be trod;
Wake all the soul to love and prayer,
And reverence the present God!

A PRAYER FOR CHARITY.

FULL of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above:
Thou, who taught'st the blind man's night
To entertain a double light,
Thine and the day's (and that thine too);
The lame away his crutches threw;
The parched crust of leprosy
Returned unto its infancy;
The dumb amazed was to hear
His own unchained tongue strike his ear;
Thy powerful mercy did even chase
The devil from his usurped place,
Where Thou Thyself shouldst dwell, not he—
Oh! let thy love our pattern be;
Let thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another;
That copying thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God,
And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

MOUNT HOREB.

On Horeb's rock the Prophet stood,
  The Lord before him passed;
A hurricane, in angry mood,
  Swept by him strong and fast:
The forests fell before its force,—
The rocks were shivered by its course:
  God rode not in the blast;—
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased—the air was mute—a cloud
  Came, hiding up the sun;
When through the mountains, deep and loud,
  An earthquake thundered on.
The frighted eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair:
  God was not in the storm;—
'Twas but the rolling of his car,—
The trampling of his steeds from far.

'Twas still again, and Nature stood,
  And calmed her ruffled frame;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
  To earth devouring came:
Down to the depths the ocean fled,—
The sickening sun looked wan and dead:
  Yet God filled not the flame;—
'Twas but the fierceness of his eye,
That lighted through the troubled sky.

At last, a voice, all still and small,
  Rose sweetly on the ear,
Yet rose so clear and shrill, that all
  In heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above;
  And God Himself was near!

For, oh! it was a Father's voice,
That bade his trembling world rejoice.

Speak, gracious Lord! speak ever thus;
And let thy terrors prove
But harbingers of peace to us,
But heralds of thy love!
Come through the earthquake, fire, and storm,
Come in thy mildest, sweetest form,
And all our fears remove!
One word from Thee is all we claim;
Be that one word a Saviour's name!

TRUE PEACE.

When groves by moonlight silence keep,
And winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hushed, and cities sleep,—
Lord! is not this the hour of Peace?

When infancy at evening tries
By turns to climb each parent's knees,
And gazing meets their raptured eyes,—
Lord! is not this the hour of Peace?

In golden pomp when autumn smiles,
And every vale its rich increase
In man's full barns exulting piles,—
Lord! is not this the hour of Peace?

When Mercy points where Jesus bleeds,
And Faith beholds thine anger cease,
And Hope to black despair succeeds;—
This, Father! this alone is Peace!

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XLVI.

God is our strength, the hope that ne'er shall fail!
Droop not, my heart, nor thou, my courage, quail;
Though the firm earth to her foundations shake,
Though crash the forests, and the mountains quake,
Though uptorn ocean in wild surges roll,
Though the world tremble—be thou firm, my soul.

Rest on thy God, and upward turn thine eye.
From earthly jars, to that calm world on high;
To the pure stream, on whose eternal brink,
Draughts of unfading joy the faithful drink;
Full as that stream that glads the blest abode,
Flow the unbounded mercies of our God.

In heaven He reigns, in Sion, too, He dwells;
When foes assail her, He their power repels;
Fierce raged the band—God spake—the dread array
Melts as the mist before the beam of day;
God is our strength, beneath his saving arm,
We smile at danger, and defy alarm.

Behold the wonders of his mighty hand;
Mark how destruction sweeps the ravaged land;
He breaks the battle, knaps the spear, the bow;
Burns the proud car, and lays the victor low:
Bow, then, ye nations, to the chastener's rod;
Bow your proud hearts, and, trembling, own your God!
God is our strength; beneath his saving arm,
We smile at danger, and defy alarm.

THE SABBATH EVE.

Is there a time when moments flow
More lovelily than all beside,
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath Eve in summer-tide.

Oh! then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below and all above,
The different forms of nature, wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene—a world at rest,
A God all love—no grief, no fear,
A heavenly hope—a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour—how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign,
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil a ceaseless ray!
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

I HEAR it in the summer wind,
I feel it in the lightning's gleam;
A tongue in every leaf I find,
A voice in every running stream.

It speaks in the enamelled flower,
With grateful incense borne on high;
It echoes in the dripping shower,
And breathes in midnight's breathless sky.
Through all her scenes of foul and fair,
Nature presents a fervent prayer;
In all her myriad shapes of love,
Nature transmits a prayer above.

Day unto day, and night to night,
The eloquent appeal convey;
Flasheth the cheerful orb of light,
To bid creation bend and pray:
The shadowy clouds of darkness steal
Along the horizon's azure cope,
Bidding distracted nations kneel
To Him, the Lord of quenchless hope;
To Him, who died that hope might live,
And lived, eternal life to give;
Who bore the pangs of death, to save
The dead from an eternal grave

Oh! thread yon tangled coppice now,
Where the sweetbrier and woodbine strive;
Where music drops from every bough,
Like honey from the forest hive;
Where warbling birds, and humming bees,
And wild-flowers round a gushing spring,
And blossoms sprinkled o'er the trees,
And gorgeous insects on the wing,
Unite to load the gladdened air
With melody of grateful prayer;
Unite their Maker's name to bless
In that brief span of happiness!

And can it be that Man alone
Forbids the tide of prayer to flow,
For whom his God forsook a throne,
To weep, to bleed—a man of woe?

Ah! 'tis *alone* the immortal soul,
An endless bliss ordained to win,
The heaven of heavens its destined goal,
That thus is sunk in shameless sin!
Scantly permitting to intrude
The faintest gleam of gratitude;
And but in hours of dire despair,
Responding in the voice of prayer!

HYMN,

BEING AN ADAPTATION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER TO A LATER STAGE OF OUR SAVIOUR'S MINISTRY.

Hitherto ye have asked nothing in *my Name.* Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

THOU to whom all power is given,
Here on earth, above, in heaven,
Jesus, Saviour, mighty Lord,
Be thy holy name adored!

In our hearts all-sovereign reign;
All the world be thy domain!
May redeemed man, we pray Thee,
Like the angelic host, obey Thee.

Thou who dost the ravens feed,
Grant us all our bodies need;
Thou in whom we move and live,
Daily grace sustaining give!

Pardon us, our sins confessing;
Keep us from afresh transgressing;
May we pardon one another,
As becomes a sinning brother.

In temptation's dreadful hour,
Shield us with thy gracious power.
From Satan's wiles our hearts defend,
Saviour, Comforter, and Friend!

Glory to Thee on earth be given,
Christ our King, the Lord of heaven;
Glory to Thee, great "First and Last,"
When this earth, and time, are past!

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening-light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast;
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death,
Shall wake, to close no more.

HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.

Behold we come, dear Lord, to Thee,
And bow before thy throne;
We come to offer on our knee,
Our vows to Thee alone.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

'Tis not our tongues or knee can pay
The mighty debt we owe;
Far more we should, than we can say,—
Far lower should we bow.

Come then, my soul, bring all thy powers,
And grief thou hast no more;
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

But, above all, prepare thy heart
On this, his own blest day,
In its sweet task to bear thy part,
And sing, and love, and pray.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

MINE be the rude and artless pile,
The ivy-mantled turret gray,
Within whose old unsculptured aisle,
The toil-worn peasant kneels to pray;
The whitened wall, the latticed pane,
The rustic porch, the oaken door;
Above, the rafters huge and plane,
Beneath, the footstep-graven floor.

Not here, where few could pomp admire,
The sons of wealth their pomp display;
They throng not here in gay attire,
Who come to gaze and not to pray:
No high-tuned choral peals surprise,
Enchanting fashion's languid train,
With arts ingenious to disguise
The bard of Sion's raptured strain.

But here, where lowly hearts are bowed,
By toil and sorrows gentler made,
Nor earth-born schemes, nor visions proud,
The unambitious breast invade;
More nearly is his presence felt,
For whom the Heaven of Heaven expands
Its arch in vain, who never dwelt
In temples built by human hands.

By viewless Spirit of the air
The soul's mysterious depths are stirred,
More fervent soars the heavenward prayer,
More deeply sinks the engrafted word:
Oh! could my heart, in darker hour,
That calm and reverent mood recall,
How weak were then temptation's power,
How frail the world's unhallowed thrall!

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT

SAY, Watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

"The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be."

But, Watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

"That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet."

But, Watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,
Shall be my sleeping bed?

"That night is near,—and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night—shall be no more!"

THE INDIAN FIRE-FLY.

WHEN first bold Gama's venturous band
Approached far India's coral strand,
They viewed, at eve, the sea-girt shore,
With brightest gems bespangled o'er:
Where'er they turn the gazing eye,
On peopled land, on cloudless sky,
The moving wonder still pursues,
And still their wonderment renews:
Not fairy tale, or magic sight,
Can match the splendour of that light,
With which, eclipsed and bright, by turns,
The meteor-fly instinctive burns.

Philosophy must deign to pause
Ere she disown the primal Cause,
Jehovah's glory thus displayed
Even amidst night's dunnest shade:
Let all her dreams unfold the plan,
Which last created wondrous man,
And as a curtain spread the sky,
"Arrayed in glory bright" on high:
Then, that no spot might not contain
A token of his boundless reign,
Wherever reason should survive,
Willed that this beauteous fly should live.

Perhaps too (who shall ever tell?)
The choral hymn of praise to swell,
Almighty power this fly designed
For rapturous bliss, as erst mankind:
And thus this glittering, living gem
But speaks the endless love of Him,
When bounding in its eastern pride,
Joying in life at even-tide:
Creation's voice attesting loud
The praise of vast creation's God,
Who bade the Indian fire-fly shine,
And idols own the hand Divine.

THE SAILOR'S EVENING PRAYER.

Long the sun hath gone to rest,
Dimmed is now the deepening west;
And the sky hath lost the hue
That the rich clouds o'er it threw:
Lonely on the pale-blue sky
Gleam faint streaks of crimson dye,
Gloriously the evening star
Looks upon us from afar;
Aid us, o'er the changeful deep,
God of Power;
Bless the sailor's ocean-sleep
At midnight's hour.

On the stilly twilight air
We would breathe our solemn prayer,—
"Bless the dear ones of our home,
Guide us through the wild waves' foam,
To the light of those dear eyes,
Where our hearts' best treasure lies,
To the love in *one* fond breast,
That unchanging home of rest!
Hear her, when at even-tide
She kneels to pray,
That God would bless, defend, and guide,
Those far away!"

Now the moon hath touched the sea,
And the waves, all tremblingly,
Throw towards heaven their silvery spray,
Happy in the gladdening ray:
Thus, Redeemer, let thy love
Shine upon us from above;
Touched by Thee, our hearts will rise,
Grateful towards the glowing skies;

Guard us, shield us, mighty Lord,
Thou dost not sleep;
Still the tempest with thy word,—
Rule the deep!

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXXX.

The vine of the incarnate Word
Was planted by the mighty Lord
Near Jordan's sacred streams:
'Twas nurtured in a lowly bed,
By dews from heaven watered,
And warmed by vernal beams.

'Twas pruned and fenced around with care,
Guarded from blight-infected air,
And from the noxious worm:
The briers and thorns that filled the land
Were weeded out with powerful hand,
To aid the rising germ.

It spread a wide-extended root,
And upward struck a healthful shoot,
Which cast its branches round:
Her boughs to distant ocean strayed,
And mighty streams beneath her shade
Watered the thirsty ground.

Why hast Thou laid her hedges low,
That in may rush the forest foe
To revel o'er her root?
Why wilt Thou let the passer-by
Stretch forth with bold impiety,
To pluck her clustering fruit?

Let not wild beasts nor herding swine
Uproot, O God! the precious vine,
Which here thy hand hath sown:
That branch which Thou hast made so strong,
For Christ's sake, let it flourish long,
And be proclaimed thine own.

From heaven, O God! thy resting-place,
Shed forth, we pray, thy wonted grace,
And cause thy face to shine;
When in unholy union joined,
Zealot and Infidel combined,
Threaten thy cultured vine.

Thou showest, in thy sacred word,
That they shall be thy branches, Lord,
Who still abide in Thee;
To whom but Thee, Lord! can we go,
Who hast declared, no powers below
Shall blight thy hallowed tree?

THE SABBATH.

Lo! smiling like an angel from the sky,
The Sabbath-morning comes to bless mankind:
Before her face earth's meaner pleasures fly,
And groveling cares. Th' emancipated mind
Now feels its freedom, casts the world behind,
And with glad welcome hails the happy train
That wait upon her steps. There Rest, reclined
On Peace, advancing, cheers the toil-worn swain;
Devotion moves with meek and solemn mien,
By Contemplation wrapt in holy trance:
Hope, led by Truth, regardless of the vain
And transient joys of life, with forward glance,
Beholds, while Faith directs her raptured eye,
Th' unbroken Sabbath of Eternity.

THE PASSING BELL.

Stop, oh! stop the Passing Bell!
Painfully, too painfully,
It strikes against the heart, that knell;
I cannot bear its tones—they tell
Of misery, of misery!
All that soothed and sweetened life
In the mother and the wife—
All that would a charm have cast
O'er the future as the past—
All is torturing in that knell!
Stop, oh! stop the passing bell.

Stop it! no—but change the tone,
And joyfully, ay, joyfully,
Let the altered chimes ring on,
For the spirit that hath flown,
Exultingly, exultingly!
She hath left her couch of pain;
She shall never feel again
But as angels feel—afar,
Climbed beyond the morning star,
Agony and death unknown!
Let the joyful chimes ring on.

AGAINST WANDERING THOUGHTS ON THE SABBATH-DAY.

Oh, why should the thought of a world that is flying
Encumber the pleasure of seasons like these!
Or why should the Sabbath be sullied with sighing,
While faith the bright things of eternity sees!

Now let us repose from our labour and sorrow,
And all that is anxious and sad pass away;
The rough care of life lay aside till to-morrow,
But let us be tranquil and happy to-day.'

And say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,
As Abraham said to his men on the plain,
"There's the mountain of Prayer, I am going up yonder,
And tarry you here till I seek you again."

To-day on that mount we would seek for thy blessing,
O Spirit of holiness! meet with us there;
Our hearts will then feel, thy sweet influence possessing,
The sweetness of praise, and the fervor of prayer.

THE EVENING HOUR.

SWEET evening hour! Sweet evening hour!
That calms the air and shuts the flower,
That brings the wild bee to its nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the labourer cease,
That gives the weary team release,
And leads them home, and crowns them there
With rest and shelter, food and care.

O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow and wishes climb,
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then, trembling, through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on the world of care.

Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked and Daniel prayed,
When Abram's offering God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone.

SILENCE.

WHERE dwelleth Silence?—In the cloistered cell?—
The moonlit-grove, when e'en the song is o'er
Of night's sweet choristers, and the faint swell
Of evening's latest breeze is heard no more?
Where dwelleth Silence?—On the desert shore,
Where, from creation's birth, no human voice
Hath yet been heard to sorrow or rejoice,
Nor human foot hath dared its wilds explore?—
Are these thy homes, O Silence?—No;—e'en there
A void comes awful as the solitude,
That humbles nature in her sternest mood,
And quells the fiercest savage in his lair:
In peopled cities, as in waste untrod,
Its tones are mighty,—'tis the voice of God.

WHO IS ALONE?

How heavily the path of life
Is trod by him who walks alone;
Who hears not, on his dreary way,
Affection's sweet and cheering tone.
Alone, although his heart should bound
With love to all things great and fair,
They love not him,—there is not one
His sorrow or his joy to share.

The ancient stars look coldly down
On man, the creature of a day;
They lived before him, and live on
Till his remembrance pass away.
The mountain lifts its hoary head,
Nor to his homage deigns reply;
The stormy billows bear him forth,
Regardless which—to live or die.

The floweret blooms unseen by him,
Unmindful of his warmest praise;
And if it fades, seeks not his hand
Its drooping loveliness to raise.
The brute creation own his power,
And grateful serve him, though in fear;
Yet cannot sympathise with man,
For if he weeps, they shed no tear.

Alone, though in the busy town,
Where hundreds hurry to and fro,
If there is none who for his sake
A selfish pleasure would forego;
And oh! how lonely, among those
Who have not skill to read his heart,
When first he learns how summer friends
At sight of wintry storms depart.

My Saviour! and didst Thou too feel
How sad it is to be alone,
Deserted in the adverse hour
By those who most thy love had known?
The gloomy path, though distant still,
Was ever present to thy view;
Oh! how couldst Thou, foreseeing it,
For us that painful course pursue?

Forsaken by thy nearest friends,
Surrounded by malicious foes,
No kindly voice encouraged Thee,
When the loud shout of scorn arose.
Yet there was calm within thy soul,
Nor Stoic pride that calmness kept,
Nor Godhead, unapproached by woe,—
Like man Thou hadst both loved and wept.

Thou wert not then alone, for God
Sustained Thee by his mighty power;
His arm most felt, his care most seen,
When needed most in saddest hour;
None else could comfort, none else knew
How dreadful was the curse of sin;—
He who controlled the storm without,
Could gently whisper peace within.

Who is alone, if God be nigh?
Who shall repine at loss of friends,
While he has One of boundless power,
Whose constant kindness never ends;
Whose presence felt, enhances joy,
Whose love can stop the flowing tear,
And cause upon the darkest cloud
The pledge of mercy to appear.

MERCY SOUGHT AND FOUND.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock and weep, and watch and wait:
Knock, He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep, He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice!
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and owned, and bought and blest.
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought, by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe!

Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubts and pains.
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief shall die;
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

THE END.

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